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THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

FRYEBURG, ME.,

WITH THE

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

By. REV SAMUEL SOUTHER,

OF WORCESTER, MASS.

WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY TYLER & SEAGRAVE,
Spy Job Office, 212 Main Street.

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FRYEBURG CENTENNIAL.

The citizens of Fryeburg feeling that an event so important as the settlement of the Saco Valley, was worthy of due commemoration, "at their annual meeting held April 6, 1863, chose the following persons to make preparations for the Centential celebration of the first settlement of said town, viz:— Asa Charles, Isaac Frye, Caleb K. Farrington, David A. Bradley, Wm. A. Stevens, Eben. J. Fessenden, Chas. Abbott, Joseph Chandler, H. D. E. Hutchings, Enoch C. Wiley, Marshall Walker."

The Committee was organized soon after, by choice of Isaac Frye, Esq., as Chairman, and Hon. George B. Barrows, as Secretary.

In selecting an Orator for the Day, their choice fell naturally upon Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden, the distinguished Senator from Maine, and grandson of Fryeburg's first minister. Mr. Fessenden signified his willingness to accept the service, but unexpected business called him to Washington, and Rev. S. Souther of Worcester, was invited to prepare an Historical Address for the occasion.

The day fixed for the Centennial Exercises, Aug. 20, opened most auspiciously, amid the ringing of bells and a profuse display of the Stars and Stripes at different points through the village. The National Ensign floated also from the flag staff on Pine Hill, from the grove on its northerly slope prepared as the place of assembling, and from the old Academy ground at its foot.

At an early hour the people of the valley began to assemble, and soon after ten o'clock, a procession was formed at the Congregational Meeting-House, under the direction of Wm. C. Towle, M. D., Chief Marshal, assisted by Carlton H. Walker, John Towle, and Chas. H. Buswell, as Aids. Preceded by the North Bridgton Brass Band, and escorted by a detachment of returned soldiers under command of Lieut. How, the procession passed up Main St. to a beautiful grove on the northerly slope of Pine Hill, commanding a full view of the village, the valley, and the unrivalled sweep of mountain heights surrounding it. Here had already gathered an audience of more than a thousand people, while the platform was graced by the presence of the venerable men of the region, Gov. J. A. Andrew of Mass., Hon. Wm. Willis, President of the Maine Historical Society, Col. Wm. R. Frye of Lewiston, E. W. Evans, Esq. of Chicago, Ill., Rev. Jacob Chapman of Marshall, Ill., Dr. I. N. True of Bethel, Me., and others.

After appropriate music by the Band, Asa Charles, Esq. was introduced as President of the Day, and extended glowing words of welcome to the assembly in the following address.

Welcome! Welcome!! Welcome home,—Children of Fryeburg,—children of the children of Fryeburg,—all who love any of the children of the sons or daughters of Fryeburg,—a cordial, a hearty welcome home.

Such welcome as gives the mother to her loved ones, returned from long and perilous absence;—such greeting as awaits earth's wanderers at their home in Heaven,—such welcome, such greeting, so far as mortals can give and appreciate, give we to you this morning.

Here on the banks of the silvery Saco, here amid this panorama of mountain, valley, lake and river, rivalled by few in grandeur and beauty,—here in the home of the mighty Pequawket, awhile before driven out by the brave Captain Lovewell and his little band of fearless followers,—here came our fathers,—here they made a home for themselves and their

loved ones,—here they reared the temple to God, Jehovah, and by its side the humbler temple of human learning, together to teach the way *through* earth *to* Heaven.

They reclaimed the wild forest, they drove out the wild beast,—and instead of the cry of the catamount and the panther, the growl of the wolf, and the startling terrific war-whoop of the Indian, falls softly on the ear, the lullaby of the mother and the half asleep cooing of children.

And now, after the lapse of one hundred years, you have come up hither to look upon the places where dwelt our fathers.

We who have remained around the old hearth-stone, have kept the fire burning there, have kept "the light in the window for you."

And now, with joy for your successes,—with the tear of sympathy for your griefs and your sorrows, we bid you *all* a most hearty, a most cordial welcome home.

The following lines, written for the occasion, were sung with fine effect to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the band accompanying.

Wherever from their mountain drifts,
  New England's rivers sweep,
Like emeralds set in rocky rifts,
  A thousand valleys sleep.
And, lovely as the loveliest,
  Her circling hills between,
Lies in the river's arms at rest
  The Saco's valley green.

A hundred years their course have run,
  Since, on the Saco's strand,
There stood beneath the summer sun
  A hardy little band.
The broad blue sky above them bent,
  The fields smiled fresh below;
While with the surging pine trees blent
  The river's restless flow.

Where Saco winds its silent tide;
Where Lovewell's waters shine;
From every breezy mountain side
Spoke messages divine;—
"Here build your homes, my hand shall bless
The seed your toil bestows,
So shall ye 'make the wilderness
To blossom as the rose?'"

Their heritage is ours to-day;
They till its fields no more;
Yet still the river's winding way
Is lovely as of yore.
Each breeze that blows from southern groves
The cannon's echoes fill;
Yet, on our hills, the corn field waves
Its tasselled greenness still.

Oh, long the day ere War's dark drops
Shall dim our laughing sky!
Long ere our valley's emerald slopes
Shall learn the ruby's dye!
God grant no other blast may smite
New England's tossing pines,
Than when His rolling thunder's might
Sweeps down their broken lines!

But raise once more the joyous strain!
No gloom be ours to-day,
Loved voices that we hear again
Should bid our hearts be gay.
Old Fryeburg sends a welcome out
To all who hither roam!
Again! again! the answering shout
That cheers our valley home!

Prayer was offered by Rev. D. B. Sewall, the fourth successor of Rev. Mr. Fessenden, as minister of Fryeburg, then followed the Historical Address.

REV. MR. SOUTHER'S ADDRESS.

FRYEBURG, ME., AUG. 27, 1863.

REV. SAMUEL SOUTHER,

Dear Sir:—The undersigned having been appointed a Committee for that purpose, respectfully request you, to furnish us for the press, a copy of your very interesting and able address, delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Fryeburg, Aug. 20th, 1863.

In asking this favor, we but expresss the earnest desire of those who listened to you on that occasion, and we are sure that if published, the address will be deemed a document of permanent historic interest and value, by all the children of Fryeburg, and many others.

Very respectfully, &c., &c.,

D. B. SEWALL,
B. P. SNOW,
ISRAEL B. BRADLEY,

The following reminiscences of Fryeburg were arranged at a late hour, to supply the place of an Oration from one whose eminent ability and position would have worthily honored the Centennial celebration of a town, the birth-place of his distinguished father, and the scene of his revered grand-father's ministerial labors. They have passed through the press amid the unexpected labors of Camp life. Only such time has been given to their revision as could be redeemed from the harrassing cares attending the organization and discipline of a company in a new Regiment of Volunteers. This must account for any inaccuracies, if such exist, and for many serious omissions which more favorable circumstances might have supplied.

The Appendix has been enlarged beyond what might be expected, lest the casualties of war might prevent the accomplishment of the long cherished design of preparing a full history of my native town.

With many thanks to friends who have kindly furnished historical material, (among whom special mention should be made of J. R. Osgood of Boston, Dr. Bradley, Asa Charles, Esq., Capt. Frye, and Col. James Walker of Fryeburg, together with the ever courteous Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, S. Haven, Esq. of Worcester,) this humble contribution to our local history is commended to all who love the olden time,—and especially to all the sons and daughters of Pequawket.

Camp Wool, Worcester, Mass., Feb., 1864.

ADDRESS.

The valley of the Saco keeps to-day a second Centennial Anniversary. The first, thirty-eight years ago, in our childhood known as "*Paugus*' *day*," commemorated Lovewell's Fight. At a time of unwonted peace, the country enjoying what was justly termed "the era of good feeling," our fathers celebrated the hundredth anniversary of that deadly conflict with the savages. To-day, in the midst of a gigantic war, we come to hail the advent to these plains of civilization and the arts of peace.

Such are always the sudden transitions of human affairs. In our land, especially, almost as rapid and striking as the changes of our climate, are the variations in our political skies. Like the fickle current of our Saco, the tide of social life among us runs never evenly. Ugly rapids disturb our navigation, and boisterous waterfalls threaten to break it off entirely. But they only make more placid the long reaches of quiet water intervening. The bow upon the retreating cloud makes us forget the discomforts and even dangers of the storm.

Were it not for the assurance of a happy issue to these trying days through which our land is struggling, it would be unwarranted trifling to spend these hours in reminiscences of our early history. To what purpose is it that there is a past worthy of our study, worthy of our gratitude, unless there is to be a future worthy of our hopes. The faithful, hearty performance of present duty is, under the divine blessing, our only assurance of such a future, and we would make the les-

sons of the past teach us present duty. The whisper of the fathers' voices shall confirm our sometimes faltering faith, shall incite to new efforts our sometimes lagging patrotism.

We have come together to-day, sons and daughters of old Pequawket, to call up the memories of those men who nobly fulfilled their duty in opening to us and to the world this beautiful valley.

In an important sense this is not a town celebration. Fryeburg can more properly keep her hundredth birth-day in 1877, a hundred years from her incorporation. It is the settlement of the whole valley that we commemorate. It was the opening of this whole region, far in the wilderness among the mountains, as an outpost of civilization, a rallying point for younger settlements, a half way house to the towns on the upper Androscoggin. The settlers of Bethel, Rumford and Andover, having a common origin with us, tarried here with their cousins to take breath, before plunging into the denser forests through which ran the Pequawket road up the Kezer valley to the North.

Fryeburg can, without arrogant pretension, claim this pre-eminence. Her settlement was the first bold push into the interior of Maine, the first breaking away to any considerable distance from tide-water and the coast-wise communication with Massachusetts.

Windham, settled in 1735, and grown to be a town the year before our settlement, was less than a score of miles from Casco Bay; and Standish, settled three years before us, was about the same distance.

The situation of Maine at the time of our settlement is worthy of a passing notice. Without adopting the newly vamped romances which strive to exalt Popham's abortive efforts at the mouth of the Kennebec above the Pilgrim foundations laid at Plymouth, we still find much of thrilling interest in the real history of our coast.

From York and Kittery eastward, many a feeble hamlet along the seaboard had been devastated by the Indian torch;

and when their fugitive families had returned to rear again their desolated household altars, it was at the expense of new perils, and frequently of death or a lingering captivity. So frequent and so merciless had been these savage inroads, that Sullivan computes the inhabitants of Maine in 1750 at less than ten thousand souls. Scarce a half dozen settlements at that time had been advanced beyond ready access from the sea.

In York Co., Sanford, (then called Phillipstown, settled in 1740,) Lebanon, (or Towwoh, 1743,) and Buxton, (Narragansett No. 1, 1749,) were of this class, and were each within easy hailing distance of some comparatively powerful seaboard neighbor. Windham, New Gloucester, Pownalboro, Bowdoinham and Topsham, and farther eastward Warren, complete the list of what could be considered in any sense inland towns. And yet, scattered and weak as were the people, they were indomitable in their resolution, and never faltered in meeting the calls made upon them for military service. The wonderful reduction of Louisburg in 1745, was accomplished by Sir Wm. Pepperell of Kittery, with a force, small as it was, quite disproportionately made up, as Sullivan claims, of Maine's hardy yeomanry and seamen.

Let us glance briefly at the events immediately preceding the coming of our fathers to this valley. They bore a worthy part in those stiring scenes, and the results had an intimate connection with their settlement here.

The ten years from 1750 to 1760, were of momentous importance in American history. They changed the state and destiny of the whole continent. During two-thirds of this period, reverses to the English arms followed each other in quick succession, till the destruction of the colonies seemed inevitable. France ever crafty and aspiring, grasped at the dominion of all North America. She held the mouths of its two mightiest rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and with stealthy step was pushing a line of wilderness fortifications, which should unite their head waters, and bind as with anaconda fold the long coast-line colonies of the English.

In Nova Scotia, on the St. Francis, the Sorell, the St. Lawrence, at Niagara, Detroit, DuQuesne, and at all available intervening points, the French Jesuits, always indefatigable and unscrupulous, were instigating their credulous Indian converts to the destruction of the hated heretics. With inexorable gripe the folds of the serpent were gathering, and threatened to press out the very life of the infant colonies. Desperate efforts were made to break the coil, but in vain.

Braddock, in the wilderness defiles of the Monongahela, paid with his life the penalty of his self-will and supercilious contempt of Washington's counsels. The flower of New England fell with the gallant Howe in the mad attack upon Ticonderoga. The massacre at Fort William Henry clothed many a household in mourning.

We might suppose that despair would chill every heart, and the dark cloud of coming destruction darken all the land. But our fathers had been under too stern a discipline to think of losing heart even amid such crushing reverses. Pitt, England's great commoner, was called to the aid of the staggering government, and became the ruling spirit of the war. The confidence he reposed in the colonies was justified by their hearty response in the raising of fresh troops from their decimated population. Young British commanders consented to learn from our forest-trained warriors, and all along the extended line victory followed their united counsels and efforts. The French were everywhere beaten back, till on the plains of Abraham, Wolfe's immortal victory settled the question of English supremacy in America. Feudalism and Rome had clutched the prize of this Western World. With almost superhuman efforts they had struggled to secure it. But it was wrested from their grasp. A pure faith and civil freedom was to be the inheritance which our fathers should transmit to us their children.

The overthrow of the French in Canada freed the frontier from Indian aggression. The immediate results were manifest in the impulse given to settlements everywhere. The energies of the people, quickened and developed by military

service, demanded wider scope. The experiences of the camp fitted them for a life of exposure in new forest homes, a life which is one long struggle with dangers and privations. Thus we find Maine increasing so rapidly in her population, that a roughly gathered census taken in 1764 gives her about 24,000 inhabitants, nearly two and a half times as many as Sullivan's computation for 1750.

The towns of eastern Massachusetts near the mouth of the Merrimac, shared in this new zeal for emigration. Thirty years before, at the close of Lovewell's war, they had sent out a strong colony to occupy the fertile intervales at Penacook; and now from both, from the vigorous inland daughter and from the mother towns near the sea, strong men and resolute women were ready to bear the dangers of a settlement three times as remote.

Their leader, Col. Frye, was worthy of the enterprise. From his earliest years he had been a soldier of the forest. He had command of a regiment at the surrender of Fort Wm. Henry. Strongly dissenting from its capitulation, he offered to go out with his single regiment and drive back the French and Indians. But this privilege was denied him. His sufferings and escape after having been stripped by the Indians, his three days run through the forests, till torn and haggard and for the time insane, he reached Fort Edward on the Hudson, are more like romance than veritable history. For these sufferings together with his eminent services, the General Court of Massachusetts was pleased to grant him the privilege of selecting "a township six miles square on either side of the Saco river between the Great Ossapee and the White mountains, any where within those limits where he should not interfere with previous grants."*

Capt. Wm. Stark, brother of the afterward hero of Bennington, and with him an officer in Roger's rangers, acted as guide to Col. Frye. Tradition says that they first took a view of the valley from the hill which ever since has very properly borne the name of Stark's hill.

*From act of General Court, March 3, 1762.

An unpublished poem attempts to picture the scene presented them—

> "The valley in its unshorn glory spread
> Far, far beneath them, whiie the Saco led
> Its mazy wanderings onward now, now turning,
> Like some coquettish girl, roguishly spurning,
> And then, be sure, encouraging again
> The awkward suit of some poor, blushing swain.
> * * * * * * *
> One forest all unbroke, save where the sight
> Fell on Chocorua's crags or Kearsarge's heights,
> Or where the silver lakelets gleamed in their summer sheen
> Or the dewy meadows glistened in their robes of living green."*

How much the poetry of their outlook upon the valley affected the two forest rangers we know not. That Col. Frye could write creditable stanzas we have proof in lines composed years afterward. But the Colonel was more than a poet. He was a skillful surveyor and practical farmer, and satisfied himself by careful explorations that here was a region every way proper for a township, and so made his selection.

The grant was made March 3, 1762. Its terms similar to all others proceeding from the General Court of Massachusetts, show the careful legislation of our fathers, that new towns should not be left to semi-barbarism for lack of those institutions indispensable to social improvement,—the school, the church and the settled ministry. One sixty-fourth of the township is set apart for each of these objects, and one still farther was reserved for Harvard College.†

It is a curious fact, and one fast dying out of memory, that the North-west corner of Fryeburg was originally on Green Hill, on the supposition that the New Hampshire line was some miles west of its present location. When it was discovered that New Hampshire had just claims upon the North-west corner ot the township amounting to 4,147 acres, a new

* From Poem at the Semi-Centennial celebration of Fryeburg Academy, 1842.

† See Appendix A.

grant was made by the General Court of a like number of acres to the North, called Fryeburg Addition. The tract includes the beautiful valley of the Cold river, and was incorporated by the name of Stow, in 1834.

Few towns were settled as promptly as Fryeburg, after the grant to its proprietor. The same year, (1762) some of its future inhabitants came with their cattle from Concord, N. H. and commenced their clearings on the spot where now stands the village, and from the meadow secured a winter's supply of hay for their cattle. From this fact they claimed the settlement as commencing that year. And the old sign-board of the Osgood tavern bore with the Eagle, the emblem of its early patriotism, the date 1762. The cattle were left for the winter in charge of Nathaniel Merrill, John Stevens and "Limbo,"—the irrepressible African figuring thus early in our history.

It was not wholly a lonely winter to the herdsmen, for the people of Gorham and Falmouth kept the same winter above two hundred head of cattle and some dozen horses, on the large meadows to the East and North. Many anecdotes are told of their winter experiences, but time will not allow of their introduction.

In 1763 came the settlers with their families, and this designates the true time of settlement, for surely it is the introduction of families, not cattle, that should be commemorated. The strong handed men who the previous year had broke in upon the wilderness, the trio who kept their lonely guard over the cattle through a Pequawket winter, though deserving of mention, cannot press their claims as settlers. It is when woman and the little ones, the mother with the children, come and bring into the forest cabin the blessed institution of the family, and make even the wilderness a home for man,—it is then that the settlement commences.

And who were the first comers to the valley, and what are their claims to our grateful remembrance? Some were townsmen of the relicts of Lovewell's fight, and their childish fancies were shaped by the oft-told stories and plaintive songs,

which kept alive the memory of that sad day. Others had cowered beside their mothers at Penacook, when word of the Bradley massacre swept through the infant settlement. They had looked upon the bleeding bodies of five young men brought from the deadly ambuscade. Growing to manhood, they were ready to follow the merciless savages to the death, and enlisted again and again in the successive wars with the Indians and French. Some of them bore the scars of wounds received in numerous conflicts with the red man, while following the indomitable Rogers along Champlain and the rivers of the North, tracking the wily foe through snowy thickets and over ice-bound lakes. And when not engaged in warlike expeditions, they found intervals in their rude husbandry to scour the wilderness as hunters. The head waters of the Merrimac, Winnepesaukee Lake, the Bear-camp and the Mountains East and North, drew them naturally towards this valley, for so long a period the chosen hunting ground and home of the Pequawkets.

The home of the Pequawkets! Before attempting to follow the track of our fathers from the Merrimac hither, and in imagination build again their forest hamlet on these plains, how are we tempted to show the village of the simple Indian standing hard by the river at the foot of Pine hill, and mark how exactly fitted was this valley for his princely residence.

The furs with which he lined his wigwam, were trophies of his conflicts with the bear and catamount on the mountains opposite. Through the forest stalked the moose, browsing upon the tender foliage. The deer grazed in the meadows. The otter, the beaver and various small animals of like habits, sported on the sedgy banks of the Saco and its tributaries, while trout and pickerel filled stream and pond, yielding a repast which epicures might covet, and which so many of the species enjoy to this day.

The very conformation of the valley fitted it for the easy supply of the Indian's wants; the river favored his lazy habits. Stepping into his canoe at his wigwam's door he floated sluggishly along the gentle current, throwing his line into every

dark pool formed by the mazy windings of the stream, pushing up the many ponds which first collect the waters of the radiating system of valleys north of us, and then add them to the Saco, trapping and hunting on their banks over a circuit of many miles, never obliged to leave his canoe but for a short distance, and quickly returning with new spoils. And so day after day gathering with easy labors supplies for weeks of indolent repose, he enters Lovewell's Pond, across which paddling his well-loaded canoe, he lands within less than two miles of his starting place.

Paradise of luxurious laziness! valley of delights to the indolent red man! Can it be that it encourages and entails any thing of the same spirit among his successors!

However this may be with the present dwellers here, our fathers of the early days of Pequawket, "the first of times" as one of them quaintly expressed it, were not allowed to suffer from any such enervating influences.

Hard work was before them, and most resolutely did they set about it. They were to change the wilderness to a fruitful field, and establish in the very lair of the savage, the institutions of christianity and the comforts of civilized life.

During the summer of 1763, one Nathaniel Smith made his way through the wilderness with his family, and must be considered the first settler of the town. There is in my possession a lease granting him and his wife Ruth the half of Lot No. 15 during their natural lives, free of rent. Gen. Frye gives the Lease, Sept. 23, 1765, "For and in consideration of the good will and affection I have and do bear to my friend Nathaniel Smith, &c.," showing his estimation of the family. Their son Jonathan fell in Montgomery's unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, a man of indomitable courage. When Capt. Hutchings asked him, "What shall I say to your father and mother?" "Tell 'em," said he, "that I wish I could have lived to whip the d—d Britishers."

In November of the same year, 1763, came four citizens of Concord, N. H., with their families, viz: Samuel Osgood, Moses Ames, John Evans, and Jedediah Spring; and to these

is due the honor of being the pioneers of civilization in the valley. These men had spent the Summer in preparing as far as possible for their residence, and towards winter they brought in their families to make the valley their home.

David Evans, brother of John, and Nathaniel Merrill, two unmarried young men, formed part of the company. They camped one night in the woods, and the next morning found nearly six inches of snow on the ground—a cold welcome to the valley, almost as cheerless as the snowy shores of Plymouth gave the Pilgrim Fathers.

From the papers of the late Lieut. James Walker, (of the Island,) I gather the following particulars which he noted down directly from Mrs. Evans, as he states, "one of the first four families who came to this town, wife of John Evans. The women of these families and their children came here on horseback from Concord, N. H. There were at that time no settlements between Fryeburg and Sanford, a distance of sixty miles, and no bridges across the streams and rivers. They lodged in the woods in a camp one night, and forded the streams on horseback. When they came to the great Ossipee in what is now the town of Cornish, the river being high, they had one tall horse that could carry them over without swimming. In that way they all crossed the river in safety, after which they camped for the night. Mrs. E. says that in crossing the river she sat on the horse the strongest way!" (No time for squeamishness!)

Maj. Samuel Osgood, the leader of this pioneer party, occupied the ground where now stands the Oxford house. Here was for years the centre and rallying point of the settlement. His son, Lieut. James Osgood, erected the present house in 1800. In Fryeburg's palmiest days as a thoroughfare to the Mountains in summer, and from the Coos country to Portland in winter, it was the most noted public house of the region. Among his numerous descendants, was the late Rev. Dr. Osgood, for half a century the pastor of the first church in Springfield, Mass., whose decease within the few months past,

disappoints us of the presence of one of Fryeburg's most honored sons.

Moses Ames, who attained to the title of "Squire," built on the lot where the late Robert Bradley, Esq., lived. He became a man of some note, was Selectman, Representative to the General Court, &c. One of the first Board of Trustees of the Academy, he had the supervision of the beautiful building during its erection in 1806, and as Mr. Bradley has said, "watched the driving of every nail, and saw that not one was wasted."

John Evans, in whose family was his brother David, made his home but a stone's throw from the street just below our place of assembling. A year or two after, he removed to the lot still occupied by his descendants, who claim that a part of their present residence was the first framed dwelling of the valley. In it was born the first male child of the settlement, the late Capt. William Evans, passing away eight years ago, respected and beloved, at the ripe age of 90 years. Longevity is a marked characteristic of the family. The mother, a sister of Col. Thomas Stickney, one of Stark's Colonels at Bennington, a woman of rare fortitude and physical powers, reached 88 years. Mrs. Harmon, a daughter, 95 years. Mrs. Abigail Osgood, for many years the venerated mother of our village, 86. Mrs. John Stickney of Brownfield, 85.

Jedediah Spring, the last of the four, lived for a time near Mr. Weston's. He soon after removed to a lot across the river in Conway, and is not reckoned as one of the dwellers in the "Seven Lots." The family name has passed from the town, but in Brownfield, in Saco and Portland, it is characterized by determined energy and business enterprise.

Within two years of the first settlement, the two young men, Nathaniel Merrill and David Evans, who had so disinterestedly lent assistance to the first comers, had each brought to the wilderness a wife, and with two other noted settlers, Capt. Timothy Walker and Col. David Page, constituted the "Seven Lots," a name which for many years designated the germ of our village. Capt. Walker occupied the lot first taken

up by John Evans, traces of the cellar are still visible near Asa Charles, Esqrs'. He is represented by Dr. Paul Coffin, who came from Buxton on a missionary tour to the settlement in 1768, as having on the intervale adjoining, "forty acres, corn, grass and English grain which are all rich. Two or three tons of hay was cut on one acre," "improvements surprisingly large considering they have done most of the work in three years." *

Col. Page, for some years before removing to the other side of the river, lived near the head of the Main Street opening towards Portland, the ground now occupied by the Post Office. He, as well as Nathaniel Merrill, who built opposite the present Academy, had been of Rogers' rangers. Both had received wounds in the hard service. Both were men of note in the youthful settlement and in after days, Col. Page as a magistrate, 'Squire Merrill as a Surveyor. Numberless anecdotes of their respective peculiarities and eccentricities have come down to us. Our space will not allow of their introduction.

In 1766 came Lieut. Caleb Swan, and with him Mr. William Wiley, both from Andover. They came from Newburyport to Saco by water, and were three days forcing their way up the river to Fryeburg, spending of course two nights with scarce any shelter in the woods, and crossing the Great Ossipee with much difficulty by rafts. They brought in three cows, a yoke of oxen and a horse.

Lieut. Swan had drawn a lot in the lower part of the town, but the difficulty of getting to it caused him to stop at what is now the Falls, then only a slight rapid in the river. Here he erected the first framed house in the town. On this account and from its location as a kind of half-way house between the two extremes of the settlement, (including parts of Conway,) it was a place of religious worship. Far better for the town had it been made its centre.

* See Dr. Coffin's "Ride to Pigwacket," in Maine Historical Collections, Vol. 4. The pictures given by the good Doctor of the first settlers, are graphic and amusing. Either their hospitality or the fertility and beauty of the valley greatly charmed him. He terms it "the desirable rural retreat," "that land of delights," &c.

Lieut. Swan was a graduate of Harvard, a man of distinguished ability in College. His wife was Dorothy Frye a niece of Col. Joseph. He was an officer in the French war. His son, of same name, was Paymaster General under Washington's administration. The strictest integrity was characteristic of both father and son, and we may add is an heirloom in the family.

The winter of '66, and the summer following, mark the period of greatest privation and suffering in the valley. The inhabitants sent to Concord through the wilderness on snow-shoes for food. It was hauled on hand-sleds the whole distance, 80 miles.

After planting, the next spring, four men were sent to Saco for supplies, expecting to be gone two weeks. When several days beyond the time had passed, the families met each evening at Maj. Osgood's to talk over their fate. One evening they had just concluded to send two men to search for the party, supposing they had been waylaid. "Hark," says one of the anxious company, and as they listened the faint sound of the paddles came through the still woods from Lovewell's Pond. It was bright moonlight, and they all hastened to the Pond, where was a joyful meeting.

The shoulders of the men were worn through the skin by the severity of their labors.

These were not the only instances in which resort was had to Concord on snow-shoes, and to Saco by batteaux to obtain supplies. At certain seasons the forests aided them, affording game, and the very tallest of hunting stories are told. But there were times when every resource failed, and for short periods they suffered for want of food.

Hitherto there had been but one family below Lieut. Swan's, that of Mr. Moses Day, the date of whose coming I have not been able to determine.

Mr. William Wiley, coming with the Lieut. in '66, settled the Jos. Colby place. The next year, '67, many families came. They were from Andover, Bradford, &c., Mass., and from Concord, N. H., met at Phillipstown or Sanford, from which

place Col. Frye had taken the first steps for a road by felling the trees the whole distance.

Among the accessions of this year were John Webster, Aaron Abbott, Stephen Knight, Daniel Farrington, the Walkers,—Lieut. Isaac, Lieut. John, Ezekiel, and two Samuels,—and probably Benj. Russell, Eben. Day and others. Menotomy was about this time settled by families from Andover, among which were those of Simon Frye, Wm. Holt, and others.

Simon Frye, a nephew of Col. Joseph, was a man of rare prudence, honored as a deacon in the church, the first Representative to the General Court, and for many years Judge in the courts of the District.

Ezekiel Walker lived near the Centre by Bear Pond, and was the first Inn-keeper licensed by the town. 'Squire William Russell married his widow and occupied his homestead. He was a graduate of Harvard, familiar with the Latin to the last, also, a surveyor of high attainments in Mathematics. Many a boy, by the light of pitch wood knots in his large fireplace, was started in Arithmetic, and the brightest of them carried through the double rule of three. His was the first justice' court in the region, in which Dana and McGaw used to plead.

Daniel Farrington was one of Roger's Rangers, of great strength and courage, distinguished as a hunter. He hauled 400 lbs. of furs on a hand-sled to Concord to obtain supplies.

Lieut. John Walker was one of the notabilities of the town. He was at Fort William Henry, afterwards at the taking of Quebec; came through the wilderness to the head waters of the Androscoggin and followed the river to Brunswick, nearly perishing with hunger. Many anecdotes are told of his intrepidity, immense muscular strength and genuine good humor.

It must be borne in mind that while Col. Frye is thus pushing the settlement of his town towards the North and East, Capt. Henry Young Brown, from Haverhill, Mass., a man equally energetic, is occupying that part of the valley and some of the adjacent uplands, to the South-west.

The same misapprehension respecting the New Hampshire

line, which carried the North-west corner of Fryeburg to Green Hill, made Capt. Brown's claim include a large share of Conway.

In 1768 some dozen families had made their homes on this tract, among whom were the brothers, Benjamin and James Osgood, from Concord, brothers also of Maj. Samuel at Seven Lots; two Dollars or Dolloffs, father and son, and two or three Walkers. Capt. Timothy Walker of the Seven Lots, had at this time a saw and grist mill at the outlet of what is still called Walker's Pond, the same privilege now improved by Hon. J. T. Chase of Conway.

Capt. Brown occupied the fine bend in the river, a part of which still forms the farm of his great grandson, Joshua Osgood. He had built a residence near the spot where stands the farm house of Gov. Dana. Here he entertained Dr. Coffin during his missionary visit in '68, in a style that surprised and delighted the good doctor. He speaks of "Capt. Brown's high and clean room, which had five glass windows and was nearly half wainscotted. It struck me with pleasure at the entrance, as I doubt not it would any body else. Hence I called it *Capt. Brown's Hall.*" At his cousin John Webster's, the doctor enters in his Journal, "Drank a fine dish of tea, well suited with wheat bread and pumpkin pye."

With such evidences of increasing luxury, we must consider the days of privation and suffering past!

At Capt. Brown's, good parson Coffin met another visitor, who accompanied him on his return down the river. This was Dr. Joseph Emery, a young physician who had been called from Canterbury, N. H., to attend a bad wound from an axe. He returned to Fryeburg, bringing with him as his wife, a sister of Mr. Fessenden, thus eventually securing to the town its first minister as well as first physician. Dr. Emery was the first to open a store in the settlement. It stood near Mr. J. O. McMillan's barn. A daughter of Dr. Emery married Rev. Dr. Dana of Newburyport.

The first school was kept in the house of Lieut. Swan, two

or three years after his coming, by Mr. William Frost. Birch bark was used for writing books. Of the pupils' proficiency we cannot judge, but it is more than probable that they shamed some of their descendants, enjoying far greater privileges.

From the same house was carried to her burial the first person who died in the settlement, Naamah, a daughter of fifteen years. It was in April, 1770, and the corpse was hauled over the fences on a hand-sled.

The settlement is fairly commenced. It is in the full tide of its early prosperity. The dark and bloody ground of Lovewell's fight, "Pequawket," which at every fireside along the Merrimac for nearly half a century had been a synonym for terror, has become as Dr. Coffin terms it, "a desirable inland retreat," containing some three hundred souls.

Our fathers had been trained in the observance of the Sabbath. A meeting on that day was a necessity to them. Among others who aided by casual visits to supply this want, was Rev. William Fessenden, a graduate of Harvard in 1768. So pleasing was his address that he was unanimously called to be their minister. It should be stated that the church had been organized Aug. 28, 1775. Mr. Fessenden accepted the invitation, and was ordained Oct. 11, 1775. This must have been a good day in the valley, a high wedding day between minister and people, for in those times they took one another "for better or for worse, till death did them part." Cases of divorce were known, but were very unusual. By his rare combination of excellences, in person, in character and in official labors, Mr. Fessenden retained the affections of his people to the last, dying as the minister of the town, May 5, 1805. The memory of Mr. Fessenden is precious. In his public duty as minister of the town, in his private relations as kinsman to some of his parishioners, and especially as the father of a large family, he was a model. Dignified in bearing, generous in spirit, hospitable to a fault, fearless and uncompromising in maintenance of the right, yet eminently courteous and for-

bearing, he has left to his descendants that "good name rather to be chosen than much riches," He was highly favored in having as a ministerial neighbor, his friend and classmate, Dr. Porter of Conway. The two brother ministers were possessed of contrasted powers, which only served to bind them the more closely together. Dr. Porter was the man of ponderous logic. Mr. Fessenden was of a livelier fancy. The one excelled in reasoning, the other in persuasion; together they were like the two pillars of Solomon's temple, Jachin and Boaz, the strength and beauty of our forest Zion. Mr. Fessenden was succeeded by Rev. Francis L. Whiting, whose ministry, terminating in 1814, was not a very happy or successful one. For several years afterward Rev. Dr. Porter, having been dismissed from Conway, supplied the pulpit. And Oct., 1824, Rev. Carlton Hurd was ordained, whose ministry in all its burden of trials and difficulties, and in all its reward of intermingled success, is too recent to need lengthened remark.

We come now to the legal birthday of the Town, the date of its incorporation. Through a short minority of fourteen years it had attained a growth demanding full municipal privileges. It was to have henceforth the management of its own internal affairs, and a voice in the public councils of the State.

It should be noted that the claim for such privileges is grounded on the fact of their having a minister, and the need of securing his proper support, the building of a meeting house, &c.

Their petition stating these grounds is granted by the General Court, and the act of Incorporation passed Jan. 11, 1777.*

Thus had we our birth in the perilous times of the Revolution. It shows our fathers' calm confidence that through those dark hours they should emerge to a day of brightness, peace and joy. True heroism is it to move steadily on amid thick-crowding perils, assured that the bark which God has launched and freighted with the best hopes of man, He will guard and guide in safety over the troubled deep.

* For Act of Incorporation see Appendix B.

This was the faith of our fathers. We are recreant to their memory, if we make it not our own.

The first town meeting was called, by warrant, issued by Tristram Jordan, Esq., of Pepperelboro, and directed to Lieut. Samuel Osgood, notifying the inhabitants to meet at the house of Rev. William Fessenden, on Monday, 31st March, 1777.

At the first meeting, Richard Kimball was chosen Town Clerk.

Dea. Richard Eastman, Isaac Abbott, Nathaniel Merrill, Dea. Simon Frye, and Ezra Carter, were chosen Selectmen.

Richard Kimball, Moses Ames, Stephen Farrington, Ezekiel Walker, Benjamin Russell, Committee of Safety.

Rev. William Fessenden is voted a salary of forty-five pounds for his first year, beginning Oct. 11, 1775, also fifty pounds for his second year, beginning Oct. 11, 1776. His salary to increase five pounds lawful currency, per annum, until it should reach seventy pounds, then to remain a stated salary at that sum. Salary to be paid in Indian corn at three shillings per bushel, and rye at four shillings, for the first six years of his ministry, from Oct. 11, 1775.

A bounty is offered of one pound on each grown wolf.

The first recorded vote is to have swine go at large.

At a second town meeting, held the next month, April 17, a standard of prices is fixed for all commodities in common use. The list opens with

"A day's labour of a man finding himself, in July or August, which is put at	3 s. 9 d.
"Being found as usual in the above months,	3 s.
And at other seasons in proportion.	
Some of the home manufacturers of the times are brought to light in the price of	
"Good yard wide Tow cloth	2 s. 3 d.
And meaner quality in proportion.	
"Sugar, called maple sugar, manufactured in these parts, and of the best quality,	8 d.
"Good tobacco raised in this State,	9 d.

" Good butter,		9 d.
" House carpenters and brick layers, per day,	4 s.	
" Joiners,	3 s.	
" While the poor shoe makers, for making men's and women's shoes, and other shoes in proportion.	2 s.	7 d.
" West India Rum, merchantable, per gallon, And 2 s. 3 d. per quart, and so on in proportion for lesser quantity.	8 s.	10 d.
" New England Rum, And 1 s. 4 d. per quart.	5 s.	8 d.
The most noticeable article is *Salt*, per bushel,	15 s.	5 d.

The first license, for a house of entertainment, is given to Mr. Ezekiel Walker, April 15, 1777.

Not to occupy farther time with details of the town's action, let us group together items which will show the spirit of the times and the character of the people.

Our town was born amid the struggles of the Revolution. We are naturally anxious to know what part she bore in the progress of that long and trying conflict. Under Capt. Joseph Frye, eldest son of the Colonel, the men of the town had been frequently trained in the practice of arms, and at the very outbreak of hostilities, Col. Frye had been summoned to Cambridge to give the aid of his military experience in organizing the patriotic masses which held the British troops beleagured in Boston.

By the provincial Congress, he was first made a Brigadier, then a Major General, and put in command at Falmouth.

Early in 1776, he left the service on account, as some have stated, of ill health. There have been intimations that some difference with Washington, caused his resignation.

Two of his sons were officers in the service, Joseph, as Captain, Nathaniel, a Lieutenant. The latter lost his hearing at the battle of Monmouth.

It was my hope to give a list of the men of Fryeburg, who

served in the war of the Revolution; but it has been beyond my power.

As the war wore along, the government was obliged to apportion to each town its quota of men to enter upon new service or keep good the armies in the field. In answer to repeated calls, Fryeburg raises, successively, five men, two men, three men. And when the call comes, Dec., 1780, for seven to serve for three years or during the continuance of the war, the town, for the first time, asks a partial exemption, but votes to raise five instead of seven, and to allow eight Spanish milled dollars, per month, to each, exclusive of the pay received from the Continental Congress.

But their public spirit was to be brought to a nearer and severer test. In August, 1781, the Indians from St. Francis made a descent upon Bethel, (then called Sudbury-Canada,) murdered three men, and plundering several families, started to return with three men as prisoners to assist in carrying the booty.

In the panic of the inhabitants, they sent to Fryeburg for assistance. The word came about noon and was spread at once on both sides of the river, with the call on every man to come at once with whatever arms he had, to the house of Mr. Nathaniel Walker. Before sunset the whole settlement was gathered there, and from the whole number twenty-three were selected, and hastily equipped for immediate service. Under the lead of Lieut. Stephen Farrington, who headed the little column on horseback, they plunged at once into the forest; just as night closed in around them forded the Saco, and as the sun was rising over Bethel Hill, came in sight of the settlement. Stopping but a few moments for refreshments, they took the Indian trail, and with Sebatis as guide, followed it for miles up the Androscoggin. One of the captives here met them and endeavored to persuade them to return, representing that the Indians would kill the other prisoners on the first intimation that they were pursued. But they would not yield the point so easily. Pushing on they came at length to a piece of spruce bark pegged upon a hemlock, on which one of

the prisoners had written a most urgent request that the party might not be followed, as it would be sure death to the captives. Lieut. Farrington was still strenuous to push on and punish the red skins, but yielded at length to the men, whose unanimous voice was to return. They came back, buried one of the murdered men who had not before been found, stayed over night, and leaving a guard, the next day returned to Fryeburg.

For promptness and expedition, this night march into the forest will compare favorably with any thing done by communities in the Mother State at the Lexington alarm; while there are circumstances which make it still more worthy of admiration. In the call to repel the British, the whole country sprung to arms. From every quarter thronged the minute men, sure of each other's countenance and support, and following their enemy in the broad day light. Here a little band, raised at an hour's notice, grope their way in the darkness, through a dense forest, directly away from all hope of assistance, and after a hard night's march, follow the trail of a hidden, wily foe that had marked his track with devastation and blood, and give up the pursuit only when convinced that it will be an injury rather than a benefit to those whom they would succor.

A small company of soldiers, mostly from this town, was stationed at Bethel during the remainder of the season, and also the next year.

Our townsmen, in 1777, on the retreat of the American forces from Canada, had built three stockade forts for their defence. One stood near the bridge at Mr. Weston's, one near Mr. Charles Walker's, and one near Mr. S. L. Chandler's, the late Joseph Colby place. It is not probable that they expected to withstand the whole British army under Burgoyne, but they would be prepared for just such predatory attacks as that on Bethel.*

The patriotism of the town was put to a still severer test in the progress of the war, that of heavy taxation. Volunteer-

*See Appendix C.

ing for military service may be the natural outworking of a restless spirit. Love of adventure, joined with sympathy for suffering ones, and flashing indignation against the aggressors, may prompt to just such a noble midnight expedition as that to the Androscoggin in '81. But there is no romance in paying taxes. And when the wolf of gaunt poverty stands at the door to enter with the tax gatherer, no wonder there is dread at his coming.

The instructions given Dec., '80, to Dea. Simon Frye, the first Representative of the town, first make solemn declaration of their fidelity as citizens, and then equally earnest protestations of their poverty as tax payers. But the good Deacon was unable to make the General Court see it. So the next year he is made the bearer of a formidable Remonstrance.

Its statements were so clear and its positions so irrefutable that it should certainly have gained the point. I have not been able to verify the fact.

A noble instance, (and not a solitary one we are assured,) of disinterested patriotism is given at this trying juncture by our minister. Though a committee of the town report, Oct. 23, 1780, that the balance due him is £4,360, 2 s. 9 d. 3 gr.; or making allowance for depreciation, over £100, hard money, say $500, and in the corn part of the salary, a balance of 406 1-3 bushels, say $200 more, yet we find him a year later relinquishing £15, of what was his due, "to assist the town in carrying on this present unhappy war." The town voted their thanks for his generosity.

The instructions of the town to its early Representatives for some years immediately succeeding the Revolution, are papers of great interest.

It has been said that the principles and almost the language of our immortal Declaration of Independence, can be found entered upon the Records of many of the towns in the Old Bay State, for years before its adoption by the Continental Congress in '76.

We cannot claim that honor, not being born, unfortunately, till the next year. But what we should have said may be

gained from Resolutions respecting the apprehended return of refugee Loyalists, passed June 2, '85. Most decidedly do they protest against "the admission of such persons as have taken refuge under the British King, during the late struggles in the defence of our just rights and liberties, and thereby been instrumental of protracting the late barbarous and cruel war against their own country, and as far as in their power been the means of the expense of much blood and treasure of their late fellow citizens." "All persons in that predicament and that have been declared traitors to their country, ought never to be suffered to return and dwell in it again, but be entirely excluded therefrom." Right ground in dealing with the traitors of the Revolution. Will it not apply to all traitors since?

The instructions of the town to its Representatives are not always uniform. Thus in '86, through Paul Langdon's rather graceful pen, Mr. Moses Ames, Representative for that year, is directed to favor free trade, as one means of relieving the country from its present embarrassments.

The next year, Gen. Frye, in an elaborate and able paper, claims the necessity of a proper system of imposts and excise; or rather assuming this as the established policy of the country, goes on in a full exposition of his views financially, introducing a scheme which, as far as I understand the subject, shadows forth almost the identical system which our great financier, Secretary Chase, has so successfully adopted.

The distresses of the times, (the date of Shay's rebellion,) naturally exhibit themselves in the action of the town at this period.

The question also of separation from Massachusetts, was much discussed. The town, March 6, 1786, voted unanimously in favor of separation, and sent to the Convention held at Portland the next Sept., upon the subject, five out of the thirty-one delegates assembled.*

*The following were the members of the Convention from Fryeburg: Joseph Frye, Paul Langdon, Daniel Fessenden, Isaac Walker, Nathaniel Merrill.

A matter of great interest is the estimate the town placed upon the Constitution, when first submitted in '88. They express confidence in the integrity and abilities of their Delegate to the Convention, Mr. Ames, admit the value of his opportunities for hearing the arguments on both sides, and of course making up a proper judgment. "But," they proceed, "the duty they owe themselves and posterity constrains them to express their disapprobation of some parts of the Constitution." They object to the powers and mode of appointment and length of term of the Senate, and that the Legislative power of Congress will supersede and in its consequences entirely vacate the Constitutions of the respective States. "And it appears highly absurd to propose an oath or affirmation to the officers of Government, of whom no religious test is required." These are their most material objections. They, therefore, conclude, as follows: "We would not wish that it should be entirely rejected, as we esteem it, with proper amendments, to be well calculated to promote the welfare of the Union."

Who will say that this is not a sound view of that great instrument, the view of sober common sense, equally removed from a blind, unquestioning adoration, and from captious denunciation. We must remember that the Constitution had gathered nothing of that sanctity with which it is justly enshrined to us. They could not anticipate the unnumbered blessings which would flow from its adoption.

The Revolutionary war was scarcely closed and its heavy burdens were by no means disposed of, when the town in '84 voted to build four school houses, 18 feet square and 7 feet stud, in the different parts of the town. Three of these would probably be built near where the forts of the Revolution stood, viz: at Seven Lots, near Charles Walker's, and the Jos. Colby farm, and the fourth near Rev. Mr. Fessenden's. What these humble edifices accomplished, we can judge only by the intelligence of the generation trained in part through the privileges they afforded.

In '87 they set about the more formidable work of raising their first house of worship, i. e. the town voted to build a meeting house. Messrs. William Wiley, Nathaniel Merrill, Stephen Farrington, Simon Frye, and Samuel Charles, were made a committee for drafting a plan and estimating the expense. The steps taken to secure its completion need not be detailed.

For many years worship was held in this first meeting house of the town, standing on the Gamage place, near Bear Pond. It had no great pretension either in size or architecture. Its dimensions were twenty-five by fifty feet, with three windows of nine lights on each side, one at the end. There were no pews and no gallery; the men sat on one side, the women on the other; and odd enough it seemed, when with the introduction of pews, the sexes sat together. Previously, at the giving out of the Hymn, Mr. Joshua Gamage rose near the desk, and immediately from right and left filed the sons and daughters of Asaph, skilled in song, and formed in solid phalanx near their leader. Mr. Gamage was famous as a singer, and trained a host of young Pequawketers to accompany him; for our grand-mothers were a tuneful race, and some of our grand-fathers learned to keep them company, and their united voices not only filled the little temple by the Pond, but rang out upon the forests around, like the sound of many waters.

However lacking in harmony Fryeburg has been in some matters, her singing has always been of a high order. The Farrington family has never gained the notoriety of the Hutchinsons, but it is from no lack of ability.

About the year 1790, Baptist views were first preached in town. Elder Zebadee Richardson came with his family from Sanford, and established a church of that denomination. Mr. Richardson lived first near Isaac Charles', at the turn of the river, and afterward on a lot between Nathaniel Charles' and Kimball Pond. He preached for many years, alternately with Mr. Fessenden, at the Centre, Mr. Fessenden giving half of his time to the Corner, and Mr. Richardson, probably, his alternate Sabbaths to the North part of the town.

The two ministers lived in mutual respect and good will, but symptoms of contention sometimes displayed themselves among their people.

How easy to forget that one of the glories of our free institutions is the right of private judgment in matters of faith, the privilege of maintaining that worship which conscience dictates. It will be the perfection of our christianity, when differences of opinion will be regarded with the charity which "seeketh not her own," and "thinketh no evil." And yet we yield to none in the respect and veneration due to those who "*contend earnestly* for the faith once delivered to the saints," —only let it be that they contend lawfully,—and for the faith, not for supremacy. Rev. Mr. Richardson died suddenly at Sanford. Many of his best members were advanced in years. No effective maintenance of his views was sustained, and in process of time the church became extinct.

That some of its members, and many more of the children of deceased members, and their neighbors generally in the north part of the town, became interested in and adopted Universalist views, and after occupying, at intervals, for years the Center Meeting House, secured for themselves the neat house of worship near Mud City, are facts too recent to require more than this brief notice.

The introduction of Methodist views has been so comparatively recent, as also to require no very extended notice. The bitter controversies amid which the sect had its birth among us, have happily been hushed, and for years its ministers have been welcomed as worthy coadjutors with those of the older faith, in every good work.

Another religious society, Free Will Baptist, has at times flourished and at times declined, in the east part of the town.

A portion of our territory, cut off from us by the Saco and the ponds and low impassible meadows adjacent, remained unsettled till about the year 1806. It was some twelve years later that families from Cornish, Limerick, &c., came and made themselves choice farms, by subduing the ridge which separates Elkins' brook from the Saco. Here, shut in by

Pleasant Mountain on the east; by the river with its fringe of impassible meadows on the west; and Lower Kezer Pond on the north; they lived a neighborhood very much by themselves, till the building of the great road to Bridgton, in '34.

A beautiful portion of the town, the industry of its families, the Pikes and Hapgoods, Chadburns, Warrens and Harndens, has developed in it some of our most productive farms.

We come now to an item of our history which every son of Fryeburg may contemplate with just pride, the founding of our Academy. Next to the early provision for public worship, no one thing shows the wisdom and public spirit of our fathers more manifestly than its establishment.

Mr. Paul Langdon, a graduate of Harvard, and son of one of its Presidents, had been a resident of the town for some years, certainly since '86, at which time the instructions to the Representative were drawn up by him. He was born to be a teacher, and in each of the four humble school houses of the town, had doubtless been bringing forward its children to a higher grade of studies than is usual in common schools.

So in 1791, a Grammar School is established, which, Feb. 9th, 1792, was incorporated as an Academy, and endowed by the General Court with a valuable tract of land. The following were appointed its first Trustees:

Rev. William Fessenden, Fryeburg,
" Nathaniel Porter, Conway,
Henry Y. Brown, Esq., Brownfield,
David Page, Esq., Conway,
Moses Ames, Fryeburg,
James Osgood, "
James Osgood, Conway,
Paul Langdon, Brownfield.

Although five of the nine Trustees were from the towns of Brownfield and Conway, they lived, excepting Rev. Dr. Porter, within a mile of the Academy; the two Brownfield Trustees on lots immediately adjoining it.*

*The line between Fryeburg and Brownfield ran originally across the

At their first meeting, March 3, they completed their Board by electing, as members, Rev. Daniel Little of Kennebunk, Rev. Paul Coffin of Buxton, Hon. George Thatcher of Biddeford, and Thomas Parsons, Esq., of Parsonsfield.

Rev. Mr. Little was made their President. Paul Langdon is elected Preceptor, at a salary of £52, the first year beginning the previous November, £60 the second; Jacob Evans and Jeremiah Page, Monitors. Tuition is fixed at six shillings for the original twenty-five founders; seven to all others.

Rev. William Fessenden, Simon Frye, Esq., and Capt. John Webster, are made a Committee to revise the regulations of the original founders. H. Y. Brown, Simon Frye, and Nathaniel Merrill, Esq., a Committee on sale of lands;—and the Institution is thus promptly set upon its work of public beneficence. It was from the first a school of a high order. Its annual exhibitions rivalled the College Commencements of that day; young ladies coming on horseback, a long day's journey through the forests, to attend the ball with which they invariably closed.

Oct. 14, 1801, Col. Page, Rev. William Fessenden and Judah Dana, Esq., are chosen a Committee to provide a Preceptor, and the April following report that they have employed DANIEL WEBSTER. To these gentlemen is doubtless due the honor of giving this unknown youth his first start in the world. He did things in his after days to make himself known, but he never forgot the humble Institution which was his first stepping stone to public life.

In September, 1802, Mr. (afterwards Rev.) Amos Jones Cook succeeds Mr. Webster as Preceptor. He continued in this position till 1833, the period of a whole generation. Mr. Cook was a man of most estimable character, of easy, unassuming dignity, of ready sympathies, and unaffected kindness, of scholarly tastes, and unswerving integrity. Through his popularity as a Teacher, the Grammar School building, near

slope of Pine Hill, nearly parallel with the street to the bridge, crossing the old Academy lot at the corner of Main street, and passing within a rod or two of the grove in which the Centennial gathering was held.

Pine Hill, soon became entirely inadequate to the demands of the Institution, and steps were taken to erect one more suitable.

And now arises one of those very natural controversies as to location. The Village and Fessenden Hill are the competitors, and the strife runs high. The friends of the rival localities back up their preferences by subscriptions, to be paid if those preferences are gratified.

The decision is in favor of the Village, although as a compromise, the old site is abandoned, and the new building placed a half mile nearer the defeated party. But it is probable that the Academy has never regained its place in the affections of the people in the lower part of the town.

The building erected was a model. To our young eyes it was a very temple of Ephesus for beauty, and its comely proportions attracted the attention of strangers. It was not strange that when the present more substantial but far less attractive building rose from its ashes, many, like the Jews with Zerubbabel, wept for their remembrance of the former house.

The new Academy, as it was called, was dedicated in 1806, and for more than twenty-five years was the theater of Mr. Cook's labors as a teacher. In one of its rooms he gathered a cabinet both of minerals and curiosities, for a time the finest in the state. How our young eyes were dazzled by the array of precious stones. How wonderingly we looked at the big Salem witchcraft gun, and thought it a much more appropriate weapon for slaying the bloody Paugus, than the modest little firelock near it which really did the execution.

Here was also a complete file of "the Echo,"* which Russell waked amid those classic hills; and more than this, the veritable letters of Jefferson and Adams to Preceptor Cook, the former enclosing one from Washington, written on the adoption of the Constitution, and accompanying a copy of the immortal document to Jefferson at Paris. Nor must "The

*Russell's Echo, or the North Star, is the title of a paper published at Fryeburg during the years 1798-9.

Student's Companion" * be overlooked, an admirable compilation, Mr. Cook's pet child, as good perhaps as any *Student's companion* could be, save the kind that romped with him out of school hours, and made Pine Hill and Jockey Cap vocal with the songs and shouts of buoyant unhackneyed youth, to sober down in after years into a companion, for weal or woe, heightening the joys and sharing the sorrows of life. That kind of a companion beats Mr. Cook's altogether, and Fryeburg Academy used to be half filled with them!

Since Mr. Cook's resignation of the Preceptorship in 1833, a full half score have followed him in that office, their united terms only equalling his. With varied success, but all with honest purpose, have they labored to keep this our Pierian Spring a fountain of healthful influences to this community, of inspiration to its youth.

One of these, † after twenty years of absence, is with us today, not able to look upon the scenes of rural beauty and mountain grandeur which he so much loved, but with a heart swelling with happy remembrances, as he is assured of our grateful recognition of his services, and of our hearty sympathy in his bereavement.

But there must be limits, even to historical reminiscences. A mid-summer day would not suffice to speak of all that might well claim our notice.

How Fryeburg flourished at the end of her first half century, and for some ten years later; how she had become the mountain metropolis, and set the fashions, and did the trading for the whole country round; how students flocked, not only to her Academy, but to sit at the feet of Dana and Bradley, Lincoln, Chase, and Barrows, her Gamaliels of the law; or to follow Dr. Ramsay in his erratic, but powerful delinea-

*Mr. Cook published a volume of choice selections in prose and verse under this title, long used in the Academy as a reading and parsing book.

† Amos Richardson, Esq., Principal, since leaving Fryeburg, of a justly popular Female Seminary, in Freehold, N. J., and for some half dozen years past by a sad accident rendered totally blind. During his Preceptorship the Academy enjoyed a high degree of prosperity, and celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary, the oration by Rev. J. P. Fessenden, son of our first minister.

tions of human anatomy; how the one-horse mail, Mr. Irish, carrier, brought in, twice a week, the news from the great world, and passed it along, once a week, through the mountains to Coos, Fryeburg being thus the centre of staging, till Conway stole it from her, while she was napping; how the musters were the annual Saturnalia of fun and frolic, as well as of arms, till Brownfield took them away with the big guns; how the ministerial fund became a bone of contention till it was broken up and each had his share; how the Academy was fast going the same way, and was saved, so as by fire; how the wonderful revival of '31, changed the whole life and current of thought in households and in neighborhoods, and gave religion a pre-eminence where it had been neglected or contemned; the bridges we persisted in building, though the river was as obstinately bent on carrying them away, till the genius of Paddelford triumphed, and like another Rarey tames and saddles the Saco's chafing current; the mills we have built, and those which should have been, but are not built; the roads which have ever been a matter of just pride to the town; the freshets which carry away farms from the Seven Lots, to build them again in Bog Pond; the cattle shows which very well supply the place of military musters, except that in these times we need both; the aged men and venerable women, who for fourscore years, and fourscore and ten, and in several instances, for about a century, have borne the burdens of life's journey, and gone to the grave honored and revered by the whole community;—all these things, and more, are they not written, *or to be written*, in the history of Fryeburg, whose advent is somewhere in the "good time coming?"

Were we to divide the century into three periods of nearly equal length, that from 1790 to 1825 would include by far the most interesting portion of Fryeburg's history. This period opens with the founding of the Academy, and closes with the centennial celebration of Lovewell's fight, one of Fryeburg's greatest days. The town had acquired an early

maturity and influence, retained it for one generation, and since has been gradually receding in its relative importance. There was great energy and animation in all its business interests. It was the acknowledged center of trade for all the region, the seat of law and of learning, of fashion and politics, for the whole upper Saco valley.

In 1798–9, but two papers were published in Maine, one in Portland, the other in Fryeburg.

During this period the canal was cut, being commenced Nov., 1816, completed in '19, which added immeasurably to the agricultural resources of the town, injuring, undoubtedly, some tracts, by deepening the river bed, but bringing under cultivation ten times as much, before too low and wet for occupancy.

The men of Fryeburg were, during this period, far above the average, in ability and intelligence. The pulpit was filled successively by Messrs. Fessenden and Whiting, Drs. Porter and Hurd, three of them far more than ordinary men. In the Academy were Langdon, Webster and Cook. In the law were McGaw, Dana, Bradley, Chase, Lincoln, and Barrows. While as physicians, Ramsey, Benton, Griswold, were eminent in their profession,—Drs. Barrows and Towle were on the threshold of their extensive practice.

The first settlers of the town were drawing near to the verge of life, but were most of them active to the last. Gen. Frye died in '94. His nephew, Judge Simon Frye, in 1822. They went to the grave full of years and of honors, and left precious memories of their virtues, both public and private. Capt. H. Y. Brown, first proprietor of Brownfield, and after removing from the intervale, (as mentioned, page 23,) erecting a mansion at the head of Main St., where his great-grandson, Joshua B. Osgood, now lives, a man of uncommon energy and commanding ability, died in '96. Col. Joshua B. Osgood of Haverhill, Mass., who married his only daughter, and who combined the energy of the old forester with scholarly attainments, as a graduate of Harvard, died at the early age of 38 years, in '91. He was greatly interested in the found-

ing of the Academy, though he lived not to rejoice in its usefulness.

Among the remarkable men of the town, during this period, was Dr. Alexander Ramsay. Born in Edinburg and enjoying all the advantages of a medical education in that far-famed city, he brought to this country, and to this retired community, a wealth of anatomical knowledge, which might have adorned the highest circles in the profession. Most thoroughly devoted as he ever professed himself to the fair sex, he was married only to anatomy, and with singular disinterestedness, would have all men share in his enthusiastic attachment. His lectures drew around him large numbers of medical students, who profited by his vivid demonstrations and not always merciful dissections. He left a rich cabinet of preparations which it is presumed surpassed that of any medical school save that at Philadelphia.

Capt. Vere Royce deserves a prominent place in our local picture gallery. A descendant of the Irish nobility, his education and address were those of a gentleman of the old regime. In command of a company at Braddock's defeat, he held his men in the midst of the murderous ambuscade, till accosted by Washington. "Why don't you retreat, Capt. Royce," "I have had no orders to retreat. Steady men, make ready! take aim! Fire!" "But this will never do, Capt., I order you to retreat," said Washington. "Attention company! about face, march!" and so they marched off the field. Capt. Royce was a great mathematician, pursued the study through life, and left sheets of original dissertations on his favorite science, which should not have been lost to the world. He was eminent as a Surveyor, as the lines of the many divisions and sub-divisions of the town attest.

Capt. Nathaniel Hutchins was early in the Revolutionary war and served under Arnold at Quebec. When taken prisoner and his sword demanded by the British, he snapped it across his knee and threw the fragments to a distance, declaring it should never be taken from him. He was an athletic, determined man, and his captors did not choose to

resent this spirited defiance. His son, Henry Dearborn, inherited much of his strength, both in person and character.

Col. John Webster came, a young man from Concord, among the first settlers, and took a lot still occupied by his descendants, in that part of the town cut off by New Hampshire. He was a Lieutenant of the company commanded by Capt. James Osgood, which, early in the Spring of '76, marched to the succor of Montgomery's shattered army retreating from Canada. He was made a prisoner at the Cedars, and suffered greatly in that disastrous campaign. He was a man of much firmness and decision, was one of the founders of the Academy, and was chosen to fill the first vacancy in the original Board of Trustees,—that occasioned by the death of Capt. H. Y. Brown.

Lieut. Stephen Farrington has been already before us as leader of the Androscoggin relief party. If the promptness and resolution there manifested was a fair sample of his ordinary character, we wonder not at the influence he exerted among his townsmen. His kinsman, Daniel, one of Roger's rangers, and afterward a mighty hunter in the valley, was a man of great strength and physical endurance, as well as of moral worth. It is said of him that he read his Bible till it was completely worn out.

The Walkers were many of them marked men. Lieut. John was an old forest ranger, was a soldier at Fort William Henry, and afterward at the taking of Quebec. He had prodigious muscular strength, broad, heavy shoulders, and a fist like a sledge hammer. He was of mild temper, but like Daniel Farrington, was unrivalled as a boxer and wrestler. They each of them threshed, in their respective companies and regiments, whatever bullies or professed pugilists came in their way.

But the Nimrod of the whole region, a hunter to whom the valley and its adjacent mountains had been familiar before its settlement, was Abraham Bradley. Again and again had he visited the region, and carried back its rich spoils of furs to his home in Concord. He transmitted to his descendants a

due share of the massive frame and muscular strength, which qualified him to grapple with the denizens of the forest. This race of hunters, although diminished in numbers, can never be considered extinct while such a veteran as our worthy townsman, Mr. John Barker, survives.

Time fails us to speak, at any length, of many others equally worthy of mention; of Richard Kimball, the first Town Clerk; of Deacon Eastman, whose ready wit must be gratified even when his revered minister* was its mark; of Deacons Charles and Carter, as noted for probity and sobriety, as their brother Deacon was for probity and pleasantry; of Isaac Abbott, who passing away but a few months since, would have completed his hundredth year, had he lived to see this glad day. How his dark eye used to sparkle and how his tall form straightened up to the last, at mention of revolutionary scenes through which he passed, especially his being the first in his regiment, selected by Baron Steuben, as one of Washington's Light Infantry corps.

Levi Dresser, his comrade in the war, lived to almost the same age, and died only a few years since among his kindred at Waterford.

Besides the physicians mentioned page 40, two others were honored and useful, and left large and worthy families, Drs. Josiah Chase and Moses Chandler. The latter married a daughter of Preceptor Langdon.

The families of Day, and by a singular coincidence or contrast, those of Knight, should not be omitted. They must have lived in harmony, for all the seeming opposition in name; as we find on the town books the name of *Day Knight*, born 1795.

During the period under consideration occurred the war of 1812, with its attendant party bitterness. Prominent among

* He kept a ferry across the Saco. Rev. Mr. Fessenden, crossing one day, asked the fare, "Oh, nothing, nothing," said the Deacon. "I never take anything from people supported by the town." It is somewhat singular, that with seventeen children, Dea. Eastman has not left his name in town. So of Nathaniel Merrill, with fourteen. Their descendants are numerous, in both Conway and Brownfield.

those who sustained the flag of our country at that trying period, were Gen. John McMillan, Major Philip Eastman, the chief founder of our, at one time, famous Artillery company; his brother, John Langdon Eastman, so recently deceased. Dea. Benjamin Woodman* and others. Of these as of the brothers, Robert and Samuel A. Bradley, Philip and Robert Page, Samuel and Joseph P. Fessenden, Judge Dana, Major James Osgood, Arthur Shirley, &c., &c., sons or citizens of Fryeburg, we might well make sketches, did time permit.

In review, we may be allowed briefly to consider the character of our town, in general,—a subject more properly assigned, perhaps, to one who would bring to the work a less biased judgment,—for though the speaker has gone out from you, he is still of you, and modesty might require that the whole matter be left to some other hand.

But no real or affected modesty shall withold the tribute due the fathers of our town, and equally due our mothers. They were more than ordinary men and women, else had they never braved the dangers and hardships of such a wilderness life, at a point so remote from the sympathy and assistance of friends.

They were possessed of great physical strength. They had need of it. They prized it. They cultivated it and honored its possession. In the "first of times," their hunting excursions, and their lumbering and river driving operations in after years, required hardihood, pluck and endurance. And in these qualities they were never found wanting. Owing to this full development of their powers, joined doubtless to their simplicity of diet, they, many of them, attained to a great age. Quite a long list could be made of those exceeding eighty years. A number reached ninety and upwards.

* A word more is due this good man and those who with him planted a Fryeburg colony on the Passadumkeag river, some forty miles above Bangor. It was with many misgivings that they took large and dependent families into such a wilderness. Dr. Porter is said to have spoken with his full, resonant voice this passage by way of encouragement—"Dea. Woodman"—"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." The beautiful farms which their children enjoy in the town of Burlington, show how well the promise was fulfilled.

But they did not make physical strength every thing. They placed a high regard upon ready wit,—their conversation very often ran into the sharp repartee, and he was the best fellow who could parry a home thrust most dexterously, and return it most effectively. They loved debate, and Fryeburg town meeting has often been the arena of sharp, close-driven discussion. The arm's length wrestling, and the close "back hugs" outside, found their counter part in the hand to hand grapple of words and wits within. Hence a high place has been awarded to declamations in the Academy, and even in many of our public schools. (To speak to the acceptance of Judge Dana, was the summit of youthful ambition in Dist. No. One.)

They were a reading people. The old Social Library early disseminated and cherished a taste for choice intellectual entertainment. The number and variety of newspapers read by the people of Fryeburg, exceeds by far the average in towns of its size. They were eminently a social people. Cut off from the world without, they prized the society of each other, and on every practicable occasion enjoyed it. "Raisings" and house haulings in summer, the huskings of the autumn evenings, and above all the "sugaring off" in spring, were made seasons of sometimes roystering enjoyment. And, indeed, every Saturday brought its crowd to the village, ready, not for business alone, but for any sport, *sly trick* or practical joke, that men's wits, sharpened by a little of the ardent, could invent. And the rough visage of a Pequawket winter was softened by the frequent interchange of civilities and hospitalities,—sometimes carried to what we might consider an extreme.

Their isolated situation led to another not very desirable result, that of frequent intermarriages. Many families were of kindred blood before coming to the valley. James and Hannah (Hazen,) Osgood of Concord, N. H., sent seven of their children to Pequawket. Three of these married Websters, and the intertwinings of their children form some curious relationships. Joined with the Evanses and Stickneys, the families are something like the *ganglions* of Anatomy,—

interlaced to a remarkable degree. The same is true, to a certain extent, of the Fryes, Gordons and Wileys, of the lower part of the town; while the intermarriages of the Walkers, Stevenses, Charles, &c., make a tangled thicket, through which I have never been able to find a way.

Some would consider us of Fryeburg, a contentious people. In this we are like all Yankee communities, only a little more so. That this has been our character, is partly our fault, partly our misfortune, and partly to our praise. It is the fault of all self-willed, imperfect individuals, of all limited communities, where rival interests, rival parties, and rival families, strive for an undue pre-eminence.

But want of unity is, in an important sense, more our misfortune than our fault. Our town has no natural centre, a large village at the heart, to which the whole town resorts, and whose advancement is the common interest and common pride of all.

The village situated at one side of the town, and originally partly in another town, has become still more isolated by prejudices against it, inevitable from an unfortunate location. The pecuniary and business interests of the town suffer as well as its social. East Fryeburg gives all her trade to Bridgton. North Fryeburg, the Toll Bridge neighborhood, and even the Centre, have done much to build up our smart daughter, Lovel. It is not strange that a town thus broken into parts, should be lacking in unity. And then these contentions, inseparable from the enjoyment of free institutions, have another side which must not be overlooked. They are the evidence of life in the public mind. The millions of China have, till recently, been a remarkably quiet people, but it was the stupor of indifference, the dead calm of stagnant imbecility. "Better one hour of Europe, then a century of Cathay." Yes, let mind clash with mind, let convictions be held firmly and urged zealously. The friction, the rough grapple, is better than inertness, better than sleepy stagnation.

Fryeburg, in its business affairs, has not been as wide awake as some of its neighbors, not enough for her own inter-

ests. But mind has been at work here. Her rank among the Post Offices of the State is far above what her population would give her.

For years her Meteorological reports formed part of the Smithsonian Institutes' contributions to science. In the list of subscribers to the Art Journal, she has a place among some of the leading cities of the State.

Fryeburg has been in the main a patriotic town. To the Revolution she sent some of her choicest citizens, one of them the father of the town, to hold a high command in defence of the insulted, ravaged seaboard. With alacrity our young men plunged into the forest to rescue their suffering neighbors from the tomahawk of the savage.

In the war of 1812, though honest differences of opinion caused some withholding, our company of artillery took its guns, at short notice, to the defence of Portland. A number of our citizens went into the campaign upon the Lakes.

And in this terrible struggle of our day, when desperate rebellion has clutched at the throat of our government, and threatens to destroy all our blessed institutions, the blood of the sons of Fryeburg has flowed freely in their defence. Several will to their dying day bear marks of honorable wounds received at Fredericksburg and on the glorious field of Gettysburg; while others have fallen, giving life as a willing sacrifice on the altar of their country. All honor to their memories to-day! * They are our latest, but by no means our last offering upon the altar of patriotism. Let it be one purpose of our assembling,—one of the most precious results of these re-unions of the living, one of the hallowed influences of our communion with the departed, to deepen in every breast new devotion to our country.

And let us comprehend the magnitude of the struggle. It is no casual, transient conflict. It did not happen to us because Fort Sumter was bombarded. It is not to be settled by the re-occupying of that Fortress. Deep below all such externals is the true point at issue, simply this—Is a man *a*

* See Appendix D.

man, wherever and however placed upon this earth, the common heritage given of God to his children? The Declaration of Independence opens with the assertion of this truth. Reason and revelation alike proclaim it. The accidents of birth, training, fortune, position cannot affect that which goes below them all, the underlying foundation of our common humanity. A true democracy can rest upon nothing short of this primal truth. This is the primitive granite, defying the ages. Anything short of this is like the shifting sands of the Lybian desert. That which is built upon it must fall. And not only in the foundation, but through every part of the superstructure must this great first principle be recognized. The rights of man, of *all men* jealously guarded,—this must be the pervading spirit of a republic. A true republic is the Sermon on the Mount, carried into civil affairs. It is the golden rule adopted as the a. b. c. of politics. It is man dealing with his fellow man as his equal, as having rights inalienable as his very being, sacred as his immortal nature.

And we are henceforth to have such a republic. We are being purified as by fire. The wood, hay, stubble, ever out of place in our state fabric, are being burned; the rotten system of shame and wrong, so gross an outrage to every pretension of true democracy, is crashing to its fall. It will be swept away, and our foundations, and our whole glorious temple shall be of the tried stones,—truth and everlasting justice.

The great victories, for which we have recently kept a day of solemn thanksgiving to God, were not all won in the field. It was not over Vicksburg, Port Hudson taken, the Mississippi opened, and Lee driven beyond the Potomac, that we had reason chiefly to rejoice. Fortresses of prejudice have yielded. Long intrenched and defiant wrongs have been overcome. Great truths, long discarded or but half approved, are planting their triumphant ensigns on the very citadels of hoary abuses.

The gallant men of the 54th Mass., (colored,) who baptized with their blood the ramparts of Fort Wagner, and held them until succor should have come to ensure their victory; have

they not proved their manhood, their right to citizenship. And are they ever again to go down in the scale below that standard? Palsied be the hand that shall attempt their degradation, accursed the heart that shall meditate the outrage. But there need be no fears upon the point. We would not cloud the joyousness of such a day as this, by any such untimely forebodings. In the progress of this bitter struggle, and it may be by its very bitterness, God is settling some points in a manner never to be reversed.

One of these thoroughly established points is this,—Ours is to be a land of free men. The principles of the fathers are to be embodied and perfected by the work, by the suffering of the children. The old flag retrieved from its dishonors, is to float from sea to sea, from the lakes to the gulf, all radiant with the living light of freedom,—inscribed on every fold,—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

He who uttered these immortal words drew part of their inspiration from the scenery around us. The poetic eye of Lincoln often lighted up under its influence, and his soul swelled with new pulsations for freedom.* Let it speak to us, even more emphatically, for were they not comparatively strangers to this scenery, while to us it is a birthright? These eternal heights, emblems of God's justice,—this valley of unrivalled sweetness, bearing the impress of the Heavenly Father's benignity,—the solemn grandeur of winter among these mountains,—the calm serenity with which the summer evening dies out among their summits,—all the beauties and sublimities of nature in this her chosen seat, should inspire the soul with trust in God, and incite to fidelity in duty. All the memories of the past; all the solemnities of the present hour, the door way of the closing and the opening century; all the aspirations, the glad hopes and fair presages of the future, urge us alike to fidelity in this great struggle.

The glad occasion which has gathered us passes rapidly by. Our kindly greetings will soon change to lingering farewells.

*See his burning denunciations of the slave trade in his Poem of "The Village," written here in 1815.

Having spent the day in this eddy upon life's current, we shall be out again upon its ever changeful, hurrying tide. Let it not sweep any one of us to blank oblivion. We live by linking ourselves with the unchangeable. However humbly identified with the eternal principles of righteousness and freedom, we become immortal.

Many a nameless grave will be consecrated in a grateful country's lasting remembrance. Many a humble one who has wrapped the garments of her early widowhood about her, or been written childless in the earth, shall be honored as having given the jewels of her heart for her country's salvation. Thus through many a night of private grief cometh the morning of our country's redemption. Its brightness shall cheer us, whatever of gloom may hang around our individual pathway. "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

Though hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
  With smiling Futures glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies;
  Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
  And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day
  Shall wear the Crown to-morrow.

O youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
  With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of Desire,
  Our yearning opes a portal!
And though Age wearies by the way
  And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain To-day,—
  The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives and all
  Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
  O Chivalry of Labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins; and aye
  Joy suns the cloud of sorrow,
And 'tis the Martyrdom To-day,
  Brings Victory To-morrow.

Collation and Afternoon Exercises.

At the close of the Address, the President of the Day welcomed the great assembly to the bountiful collation, which the citizens of the town had generously provided for all their guests. From twelve to fifteen hundred were thus supplied, and spent an hour in most genial, social intercourse.

On re-assembling at the stand, the following letters, among others received from absent sons of the town, were read by Henry H. Smith, Esq.

BANGOR, AUGUST 4, 1863.

GEORGE B. BARROWS, ESQ. Dear Sir: Your favor that brought me an invitation from the inhabitants of Fryeburg to visit them on the 20th inst., and unite with them in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that town, was received last Saturday evening and affords me much delight.

The halcyon days of my early manhood, (when the joy of every hour was as unmingled with sorrow as is allotted to man,) were again so vivid that the decrepitude of my approaching four score and five years were almost forgotten. But one night of sleep quieted the feverish imaginations of my perverted brain and assures me that the highest delights of my early friendships must soon terminate; and that now, my considerations should be turned toward joys unspeakable and eternal, which can be obtained only in the spiritual world.

The exhausted condition of my physical powers forbids me to attempt to make the proposed journey to Fryeburg, in accordance with the highly valued invitation of its respected inhabitants. But as the leading and praiseworthy object of your letter, as I understand it, is, to collect materials "for a

future history of your town" and thereby "to perpetuate the memory of the fathers," my personal presence could be of very little avail.

I lament the meagerness of my memory respecting such facts as would aid in giving value to the prospective history of a town, that merits pre-eminence for successful efforts in promoting elevated civilization, as well as for furnishing to the world an unusual proportion of distinguished men for each of the learned professions, and for high political positions. I account for this pre-eminence by the fact that the owners and first occupants of the *Seven Lots* in Fryeburg were men of vigorous intellect, great industry and sound morality. These characteristics are proved by the attention of their possessors to the early founding, and causing to be endowed of the excellent literary institution that has been there nurtured and strengthened during more than two-thirds of a century. The permanent establishment by them of a learned and devout ministry, bears like testimony to their characteristics.

Such favoring circumstances as those mentioned, had drawn together a considerable number of virtuous inhabitants to the beautiful valley of the Saco river, at and about Pigwacket, before the first days of the present century. At this period my personal knowledge and intimacy with that people commenced. I had scarcely entered upon my habitancy at Fryeburg, when the confidence of friendship was imparted to me by the frank, guileless and amiable people of the place. Their leading occupation was agricultural. But as their market (Portland) was limited in its amount of business transactions, fifty miles distant from them, and difficult of access, it seemed expedient to find a less expensive, or more profitable outlet for their surplus products than by transportation to Portland. Good pine timber existed in considerable quantities in the adjoining townships of Brownfield and Lovell, with some additions in other localities. Cutting and hauling this timber into Saco river, required the labor of men and teams at that season of the year when farming made no demands upon them. Support of laborers in this employment furnished a home

market for surplus provisions, while food for the teams disposed of surplus hay. A large and profitable market for the lumber was found at and near the mouth of the river, whereby the hearts of all concerned were gladdened, and their wealth promoted.

The number of mechanics conformed strictly, in number, to the absolute wants of the resident inhabitants.

Mercantile operations were quite limited, only one store existed in 1801, at the *Seven Lots*, the capital of which was supplied by Capt. Seth Spring, (a large timber dealer) of Saco, who had a young man by the name of McMillan, (afterwards Gen. John McMillan,) for his working partner. Its business was intended to furnish supplies almost exclusively to timber operators. Luxuries, so far as they were indulged, were procured at Portland. The strongest illustration of this honorable trait of simplicity and economy by the inhabitants of Fryeburg, is the fact, that no more than one barrel of West India *brown* sugar had been retailed at Fryeburg previous to the year 1802. Maple sugar of home manufacture had heretofore satisfied the requirements of the people.

Food for families was substantial but simple, and every household arrangement was plain but neat. Factious demagogues did not exist there. Hon. Simon Frye was, at an early period, elected to the Senate of the State. His town elected him to be their Representative in the Legislature through several successive years; but as he continued likewise to hold the office of Senator, the wages of Representatives which was then defrayed by the several towns choosing them, was saved to Fryeburg. Senator Frye also held the office of Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. These various and honorable employments satisfied the possessor without meddling with municipal affairs.

Lieut. James Osgood, being a man of quick perceptions, much experience and shrewdness in managing business affairs, became very prominent in planning and prosecuting to their end, the lumber operations of the people of his town, who in general, had great confidence in the correctness of his advice.

Mr. Osgood accumulated a good pecuniary rustic competency, reared and handsomely educated a numerous and respectable family of children, of which the late Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D. was one.

In the beginning of 1802 the late Robert Bradley, Esq., removed hither from Concord, N. H., and in company with his brother, John Bradley, opened the first store containing a general assortment of merchandise in this town. Mr. Bradley's vigorous and energetic mind soon awakened capabilities and excited a higher spirit of enterprise in the substantial citizens, than had theretofore been developed by them. The beneficial influences of this excellent man advanced the activities and promoted the wealth of the staid inhabitants.

Fryeburg Academy was first opened for instruction in 1792. The services of Mr. Paul Langdon,* a graduate of Harvard University, of distinguished scholarship, fine intellectual powers and gentlemanly manners, were procured to fulfill the duties of Preceptor. Its duties were discharged with ability and success until the autumn of 1801.

The services of Mr. Daniel Webster, (afterward eminent and honorable DANIEL WEBSTER,) then a recent graduate of Dartmouth College, were engaged to supply the place of Mr. Langdon; but the powers of his gigantic mind could be restrained within so limited a sphere of action only for the short period of three academic terms.

The intrinsic worth of Mr. Langdon as a school teacher, began to be developed and the loss of it deplored, soon after his removal from the school. The late Hon. Benjamin Orr and Hon. Samuel A. Bradley had been of the number of his early pupils, and were caused by him so to study as to arouse every intellectual faculty that either of them possessed, to exert its highest power. The profoundness, skill and elevated attainments of these gentlemen in their subsequent lives, conferred honor upon the institution in which they received their elementary education, as well as upon its devoted teacher.

* A Grammar School had been under his charge for a year or two previous.

In this connection we produce a roll of honor, that has long dignified the town of Fryeburg and her noble Academy. On this roll we find inscribed, in addition to the names already mentioned, others distinguished in all of the learned professions, in the halls of Congress and in eminent positions of political life. William Barrows, through a brief period, gave promise of lofty eminence as a jurist, but the Sovereign of the Universe very soon advanced him to higher glory in a better world. Hon. Albion K. Parris was clothed, through his whole lifetime, with robes of highest honor, in almost every department of office known under our form of government. Among jurists of Maine, few men have attained to equal eminence with the venerable Gen. Samuel Fessenden, and no one may justly claim a higher rank. Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., was cotemporary with Gen. Fessenden for years; and for usefulness in the holy department of the gospel ministry, may well be esteemed a pattern man for clergymen now entering upon the duties of that holy office. Eminent gentlemen of more recent date are better known to you than myself. Surely I need not mention the numerous family of Fessenden, Hon. Samuel Bradley, the large and honorable family of Goodenow, Hon. Judge Howard, Gov. Dana, &c., &c.

I had almost forgotten to say that from 1801 to 1805, both inclusive, the unmarried portion of the population of Fryeburg, with a small sprinkling from Conway, constituted the most fraternal, joyous, democratic, fun-loving, but innocent associates that I have ever known. Of the number referred to was the Hon. Daniel Webster, Preceptor of the Academy, J. Farnham, a saddler, a young lawyer who for the present shall be nameless, Joshua Durgin, a tanner, with numerous other persons of both sexes, of just such congenial temperaments and characteristics. Not unfrequently the spirit would move some of these good gentlemen and ladies to have a ball. Notice of the intended assembly would be given by some individual to another, and by him extended until all hands were informed of the good time. In two or three hours Mr. Osgood's hall in the third story of his house, was lighted up

with candles, and the smiling faces soon began to exhibit themselves. By the time that shaking of hands, and the saying of how-d'-ye-do had been attended to, (and it did not take a long time to do it,) Farrington, the fiddler, who lived in the house subsequently owned by Dr. Griswold, made his appearance. Now came off the dance—and a good one, a cheerful one, a happy one, and an unceremonious one it would be. All was over and past in good season, and with just as little ceremony as the party was got up, it was dissolved. Each person returned quietly to his own home.

Such was Fryeburg at the commencement of the present century.

May its honor, its distinguished usefulness, its prosperity and the happiness of its virtuous inhabitants, forever continue and increase.

With a high sense of the kindness and favor done me by the good people of Fryeburg, by extending to me an invitation to attend the celebration of their centennial settlement of the town,

I am their Friend and Servant,

JACOB McGAW.

Worcester, August 15, 1863.

Rev. Samuel Souther. Dear Sir: Since the receipt of your kind note, I have daily intended to seek the pleasure of a personal interview with you, but I have now to regret, that the ill state of my health, and the exhausting heat of the season, will hardly permit me more than to offer you an earnest expression of my grateful sense of the honor of the invitation which you have been pleased to communicate, and my deep regret, that it will not be in my power to participate in the enjoyments of the very interesting occasion which it announces.

It would, indeed, be a joy to me, to visit a place where an honored and beloved Brother received the first welcome of generous hearted Strangers, and made the Friends of his early

manhood;—where the labors of his professional life met their first rewards, and the aspirations of a noble ambition for usefulness and honorable distinction a cheering encouragement. It would be with no ordinary emotion, that I should view for the first time, the local scenery of magnificent grandeur, which he so loved to contemplate, and scan the landscapes of romantic and surpassing beauty, which he delighted to describe. Nature, in her most attractive features, and the People of Fryeburg, in their unobtrusive and abounding virtues, fixed his affections and his residence in Maine, and he freely gave, with no divided purpose, the best thoughts of a cultivated mind, and the devoted labors of a patriotic life to the service of the State. And richly, was this full measure of duty repaid, in the repeated expressions of public confidence which he received, and by that last most impressive testimonial to his character and memory, so grateful to the hearts of his kindred and friends, the appropriate and tasteful monument on the banks of the peaceful Kennebec, which now marks the resting place of his mortal remains.

Nor is the State of Maine without interest to me, in many personal relations. Before the separation from Massachusetts, I had participated in the legislation which was the common obligation of the people of the component parts of the old Commonwealth, and, in some humble degree, aided in the passage of the act which gave effect to that measure;—and after the separation, it was my privilege to be an Associate on the Commission for the division of the *public lands*, between the States. In the subsequent controversy with great Britain concerning the North Eastern Boundary, the rights of property and of sovereignty, so nobly asserted by the Governor of Maine were made of like concern to Massachusetts, and her Executive did not hesitate in strenuous co-operation for their vindication and maintenance. And now, in these evil days of trial and of great peril to the nation, it is with inexpressible satisfaction I cherish the consideration, that a Son, in command of a Regiment in the Army of the Potomac, may have derived much of the inspiration of patriotism and his

training for duty, from instruction in the Academic halls of Bowdoin.

All honor to the State of Maine, liberal and enlightened in her government,—brave and loyal and patriotic in her people. All honor to her *returning soldiers*, who, by their heroism, have won the meed of true valor; and to her *outgoing hosts* who will help to purge the land of rebellion, and restore a distracted and bleeding country to peace, prosperity and union! May the occasion which you are called to celebrate, be full of congratulatory remembrances in the history of the past, and of solemn resolutions and inflexible purpose, that the civil privileges and social blessings, which are the enjoyment of the present, shall remain unimpaired, to be forever the inheritance of the future.

With sentiments of great respect,

Your obd't, and obliged servant,

LEVI LINCOLN.

The following letter from Hon. N. S. Benton, son of Dr. Benton, and for many years in the Treasury Department of the State of New York, was received with great interest.

ALBANY, AUG. 11, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your kind letter inviting my attendance on the 20th instant, at the celebration of "the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Fryeburg."

I need not say to you, gentlemen, how gratifying it would be to me to embrace this opportunity of visiting, after fifty years of permanent absence, a place so long endeared to me by kind and generous solicitudes as it was my lot to experience at Fryeburg and Fryeburg Academy, while endeavoring to master the "Situation," which it was the purpose of my life when young, to attain if I could.

My engagements here will prevent my acceptance of your very flattering invitation, and no one, it seems to me, can feel more keenly than myself, the disappointment this announcement gives.

Having been a member of your Institution under the instruction of Webster, Cook and Barrows, may I not justly lay claim to be one of the surviving *ancients* who have memories to indulge and aspirations to gratify? Be assured, gentlemen, of my cordial thanks for your kindness, and I trust the "festivities of the occasion" will be all that you can hope for or wish.

Most respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON.

Messrs, David B. Sewall, Henry Hyde Smith, Israel B. Bradley, Committee, &c.

The following regular sentiments were then read by Hon. George B. Barrows:—

The early Clergy of Pequawket—*They feared God but dismissed all other fear.**

Our Centennial Anniversary—While we recur to pleasing recollections and indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past, let us also crowd the hour with rational enjoyment of the present.

The Pequawkets—We are very sure that their history and historian will both be *True*.

Dr. True of Bethel, responded as follows:—

Mr. President,—It was intimated to me a few minutes ago that I must respond to the sentiment just proposed. This takes me by surprise, because I had regarded the day as one belonging exclusively to the sons and daughters of Fryeburg. I have come to attend this celebration all the way from Sudbury-Canada, in the "Scoggin" country, to *Pigwacket*,

* Every one must have felt how appropriately one of our most gifted and honored sons of Fryeburg, Rev. J. P. Fessenden, would have responded to this sentiment. But from his fearless, uncompromising ministry of the word, he has gone to his reward.

near the very path the first settlers passed through Fryeburg by spotted trees to what is now Bethel.

We have always regarded Fryeburg as our elder sister, and although *we* think the younger one the more beautiful now, yet the elder still wears a comely and attractive aspect.

To me Fryeburg was always classic ground. In my early boyhood I heard that there was an Academy in Fryeburg long before I ever saw one. This rendered it a sacred spot to me. While yet quite a young man, I received a box of minerals from your Preceptor Cook, which did much to increase my own knowledge in the science of mineralogy, while he was long before an industrious pioneer in this beautiful science. His *Student's Companion* enabled me to hold many a controversy with the district school-master on English Grammar.

Sudbury-Canada, was granted to a company of soldiers in Sudbury, Mass., in 1768. The first grist mill and dwelling house were built in 1774. The first family that wintered there was Samuel Ingalls', in 1776. He afterwards removed to Fryeburg. Forty-four revolutionary soldiers settled in Bethel.

The relations between Fryeburg and Bethel were much more intimate in their early history than at present. Fryeburg was the resting place for the pioneers on their way from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and Sudbury-Canada was largely indebted to Fryeburg for favors. So far as I can learn, the first minister that ever visited Bethel was the Rev. Mr. Fessenden of Fryeburg. He assisted also in settling the first minister in 1799. The first magistrate in town was from Fryeburg,—Benjamin Russell. The first lawyer, William Frye, a grandson of Gen. Joseph Frye, was from Fryeburg. One of the physicians, now residing in Bethel, was from Fryeburg, who in nearly a third of a century has done nothing but ride and visit the sick, and, I suppose, will continue to do so till he dies. The first school-mistress of whom I have any account, was Sally, daughter of Rev. William Fessenden of Fryeburg. She taught in the summer of 1792. The first company of soldiers in town was from Fryeburg, under Capt.

Stephen Farrington. When the Indians attacked the town in Aug., 1781, John Grover, grand-father of Gen. Cuvier Grover, went on foot to Fryeburg, and in a few hours twenty-three men were ready to start for Bethel in pursuit of the Indians. The next year a company from Fryeburg was stationed at Bethel in garrison, under Stephen Farrington who received the commission of Lieutenant. The only level spot in town for the company drill, was on a little plank bridge across the brook near the grist mill at Bethel Hill. Lieut. Farrington was much respected by the early settlers, though I cannot forbear relating an anecdote of him. He sent out two brothers by the name of Swan, as a scouting party to watch the Indians, but the rich furs in the vicinity were more attractive to them than hunting for Indians, so they caught and lined their camp with the most valuable furs. Lieut Farrington finding it out, threatened to bring them into the garrison, but they compromised the matter by promising him one half the proceeds. It is worthy of note that this was probably the last company ever raised in New England for watching the Indians.

The Indians frequently visited Bethel from Fryeburg. The names of Sabattis, Capt. Swarson, Mollocket, and others, were well known to the first settlers. Mollocket was the last of the Pigwacket tribe, and died in Andover, Me., Aug. 2nd, 1816.

Among the necessities and expedients to which our early settlers were subjected, I might mention one incident. When they brought their cows here, they pastured them on the old Indian corn fields where the wild onion grew. This affected their milk so as to render it unfit for use. To remedy this, the inhabitants would eat a raw onion before using the milk, and in this way got rid of the disagreeable taste.

But I am trespassing on your time, yet I wish to show you a token of respect made to Gen. Joseph Frye, the founder of your town. It is in the possession of his great-grandson, Joseph Frye of Bethel. It is a tankard of solid silver, on which is the following inscription together with the family coat of arms.

To JOSEPH FRYE Esq

Colonel and Commander in Chief of the Forces in the Service of the Province of the Mass^{a} Bay, and late Major of the 2nd Battalion of General Shirley's Provincial Regiment,

THIS TANKARD

From a Juft Sence of his Care and Conduct of the Troops while under his Command at Nova Scotia, and a proper *Refentment* of his Paternal Regard for them Since their Return to New England, Is Presented By

His Moft Humble Servants,

Boſton, April 20, 1757. The Officers of Sd Battalion.

I have also a memento of Mollocket. It is a pocket book made by her and presented to Capt. Eli Twitchell of Bethel, about eighty-five years ago.

Bethel extends a greeting to her elder sister, fully acknowledging all the favors received from her in the past, and doubts not, that when a railroad shall pass up the Saco valley and reach Fryeburg, as sooner or later it will, she will be so rejuvenated as to be as attractive as her younger companion.

The Toasts were then resumed:

The memory of Fellows, McIntire, Austin, Walker, Richardson, Stanly, Andrews, Powers, Hobbs and Webster—They have experienced how sweet and beautiful it is to die for the Fatherland. When the war is over, let us remember them in *granite.**

The memory of our loved townsman, Capt. John Page, who fell at Palo Alto. We believe in good blood,—the mantle of the sire rests upon the sons. One fights in the army of the Potomac, and the other has won his spurs as one of Fremont's body guard, in the brilliant charge at Springfield. He is with us to-day.

*See Appendix E.

The honored Governor of the old Bay State—A son of Maine, a grandson of Fryeburg. We are not ashamed of our boys.

Gov. Andrew being loudly called for, and received with enthusiasm, commenced, in response, by touching allusions to his mother, and her influence in developing and shaping his character. He returned thanks to the many venerable citizens who had, during this his first visit to Fryeburg, expressed their affection for her during her residence here.

He extolled the scenery of the valley,—girt about and guarded by the everlasting hills, combining loveliness and grandeur in no common degree. Passing to consider the state of our country, his remarks were interrupted by rain which had been threatening among the mountains for near an hour. The audience scattered in most picturesque style down the slope of Pine Hill, and through the street to the church, which, in a few minutes, was filled to its utmost capacity, while hundreds could not gain admittance. Here, for an hour and a half, Gov. Andrew pressed the great theme of our country's position, needs and glorious prospects, showing most conclusively, that through the bloody ordeal of battle, God was establishing righteousness in the land, overthrowing gigantic wrong, and breaking forever the rod of the oppressor.

Alluding to a disposition on the part of some, to compromise and yield to the claims of those in rebellion, he said it might be done when from out their bloody graves our thousands of noble sons and brothers fallen in the shock of battle, should start again to life. Till then the stern duty of subduing traitors in arms should be gladly accepted by every patriot heart.

It is greatly to be regretted that a verbatim report of the Governor's admirable address could not be secured. No abstract, however full, can do justice to the fervor and eloquence of its appeals, or the withering sarcasm, and burning indignation of its denunciations. It was instinct with the patriotism that has marked the Governor's career as chief magistrate of

the Bay State, and so justly endeared him to every loyal heart.

The Flag of our Country—Consecrated by a new baptism, may its folds ever float over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Pilgrim Fathers—They believed in churches, schools and men who carry muskets. God forbid that their descendants should ever wander from such a confession of faith.

The valley of the Saco:—

> "Shallow and deep by turns and swift and slow
> There we behold the winding Saco flow."
> *From Gov. E. Lincoln's "Village."*

Fryeburg, a small part but still a part of the original Union, we do not intend to go out of the partnership this year.

Our returned sons and daughters—*Strangers* they may be in our houses, they can never be in our hearts.

Enoch W. Evans, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., responded in a most eloquent speech. He had brought back from a twenty years' absence at the west, a heart still beating warmly with love for his native valley. The memories of his childhood, would live ever in his mind. He was proud of Maine, and most of all he honored her patriotic devotion in this hour of the country's peril. Never should he forget the thrill which pervaded a vast assembly in the city of his residence, some weeks since, at the announcement that Maine's quota, under the call of the President, was full. Most emphatically would he repudiate the idea of New England being "left out in the cold," by the great and generous west. They were bound together by too many ties of kindred, and of interest. We were one country, and one country we were ever to remain.

A motion to adjourn for one hundred years, was modified so as to recommend an observance of the legal birthday of the town in 1877.

A Committee was chosen to secure a copy of the Address for publication.

At a late hour of the afternoon, the exercises closed by singing the following original ode :—

ODE.

AMERICA.

Dear Fryeburg, fair art thou!
Time writes upon thy brow
  No furrows deep;
Far in thy summer skies
Thy glorious mountains rise,
And clouds of thousand dyes
  Around them sleep.

Serene thy rivers flow
Through valleys green and low,
  With fringe of elm;
The shadows lightly play,
And all is bright and gay,
As in thine early day
  In Nature's realm.

Still rolls thy blue lake on,
Amid the forest lone,
  As long ago;
When wild the war-whoop rung
The dark pine shades among,
And from his cover sprung
  The savage foe.

Gone are the valiant band
That fought with heart and hand
  On that dread morn—
Yet in their children brave
Their spirit strong to save,
That dies not in the grave
  Anew is born.

And those that earliest trod
Thy green and virgin sod,
  The fair and strong—
A hundred gliding years
Have stilled the hopes and fears,
And quenched in dust the tears
  Of that loved throng.

Yet while their dust remains
Thick strewn upon thy plains,
  Thy plains we love;
Thine "everlasting hills,"
Thy shadowy streams and rills,
While warm the life blood thrills,
  Our hearts shall move.

Levee at Academy Hall.

In the evening the Webster Association of Fryeburg Academy held a Levee at the Academy Hall, beautifully decorated with mottoes appropriate to the occasion. Some three or four hundred participated in the festivities. Interspersed with music from the Band were short speeches in response to the following sentiments:

The Trustees of Fryeburg Academy—May their labor of Love be done wisely and well. Rev. D. B. Sewall.

The Memory of Webster—It still lives.

Our Volunteer Soldiers—They have gained imperishable honor on the battle fields of the war; their heroic deeds and noble valor have rendered their names and memory sacred; they are engaged in the noblest contest the ages ever saw.
S. R. Crocker, Esq.

The Alumni and the Alumnæ—One and indivisible.

Intelligent Patriotism—Our need and our glory.

The Old Bay State and the Pine Tree State—Mother and Daughter—each delights to honor the "Sons of Maine."
Rev. Samuel Souther.

Our Sister Institutions—The cause, one; our hearts, one.
Dr. N. T. True.

The Preceptors of Fryeburg Academy—To these classic halls a cordial welcome always awaits them.

A. Richardson, A. M.

The Loved and the Lost—Their memories are ever fresh and fragrant.

Our New Piano—May its keys be taught to send forth only the "concord of sweet sounds."

Music by Miss Nellie A. Barrows.

The Ladies—God bless them—they are a "joy forever."

The Band—"Music hath charms." Yankee Doodle.

With delightful, social intercourse, a generous banquet, music and song, the hours of the evening passed rapidly away, till at a late hour, all united in the old Song of "Home, Sweet Home," which terminated these most deeply interesting exercises of Fryeburg's Centennial.

APPENDIX.

A

The division of the territory of Fryeburg among the proprietors was, as usual, a vexed question for many years. No less than five different attempts were made to equalize the different lots before the close of 1797, and even so late as 1821, a sixth division was ordered of the odds and ends, or "scraps of land" still owned in common. Hence a plan of Fryeburg presents a most curious medley of lots with great diversities of size and shape, and when colored so as to distinguish the several divisions, appears as if designed to illustrate the various geological formations.

No wonder that Fryeburg abounded in skillful surveyors. They must have had any amount of practice in establishing such combinations of lines. The subject is so fully and compactly presented in the following paper, that it is inserted entire. Its preparation is due to the generous interest of Dr. I. B. Bradley.

FROM THE PROPRIETORS' RECORDS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF FRYEBURG.

"*In the House of Representatives, Feb.* 24, 1763."

"The plan of a Township granted by this Court at their session in March, A. D. 1762, to Joseph Frye, Esq., and by him laid out at a place called Pigwacket, in the County of York; bounded at the south corner to a spruce tree marked; from thence north 45 ° west, by the needle of the instrument, 2172 rods to a beech tree marked; from thence north 45 ° east 2172 rods to a maple tree marked; thence south 45 ° east 2172 rods to a pine tree marked; thence south 45 ° west to the first bound."

It appears by the records that, in 1763, the Proprietors "without being legally assembled to pass any votes with respect to the settlement of the township," "laid out upon the upland 57 house lots of 40 acres each," "and upon their intervale land 64 intervale lots of 20 acres each," and assigned to each and every right a 20 acre intervale lot, and to each and every right a 40 *acre house lot*, *except seven rights*, there being 64 rights in said township, including four for public uses.

On Feb'y 2d, 1766, it seems that sixteen of the Proprietors applied to Hon. Benjamin Lynde, one of his Majesty's justices of the Peace, to call a meeting of the Proprietors "to be held at the dwelling house of Mr. Ezekiel Walker, in Fryeburg, aforesaid, on the 23d of June next ensuing the date hereof, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon,"—the object of said petition being, to have a meeting legally called, to do certain enumerated acts, and to determine how Proprietors' meetings should be called for the future.

Benjamin Lynde did issue his warrant, in compliance with the foregoing petition, and ordered Joseph Frye, Esq., to call the meeting at the time and place specified; the meeting was holden, and most of the house lots and intervale lots before mentioned, were confirmed to the Proprietors, to whom they were originally laid out, in 1763.

At the same meeting the following vote was passed, viz:— "Voted that the aforesaid committee be and hereby are directed to lay out the meadows in said township that are now fit for mowing, into sixty-four shares, that shall be as near equal in value, one to the other, as possible."

Also voted at the same meeting, to lay out a second division, upland lot of 40 acres, and a second division, intervale lot of 30 acres to each right; and in laying out said second division, of upland and intervale, the committee were to so lay out said second divisions, as to correct any inequalities in the first division, and thus to make each Proprietors' share of land in the first and second divisions of both upland and intervale of equal value.

Also voted to lay out one acre of land near the easterly side of Bear Pond for a meeting house.

Voted to lay out four acres adjoining said meeting house lot for a burying ground.

At a meeting holden July 27, 1767, is the first mention of roads in said township, when it was voted to lay out two open roads, the first to begin at the most suitable place on the

town line, south of the river, and to run by the most convenient courses, on the same side of the river to Mr. Daniel Farrington's intervale land, being to the land now occupied by Caleb and Nathaniel Frye, Esq.; the whole length of the road being about 6 1-2 miles.

The second beginning at the most suitable place on the state line, on the north side of the river, and running on the north side of the river and down the river by the most convenient courses to the house lot of Andrew McMillan, No. 9, (probably 20,) the residence of the late Deacon Charles, being about 5 miles.

At this meeting, July 27, 1767, twenty of the sixty-four meadow lots were assigned, and the remaining meadow lots being 44, were decided by lottery at an adjourned meeting 6 days later, Aug. 3d.

The first vote in relation to building a grist mill was passed at this meeting, which provided to give the undertaker or builder, 60 acres of pine land including the mill privilege on Lovewell's brook, and 40 acres of pasture land adjacent, and 12 shillings lawful money, to be paid in cash, or in work at 4 shillings per day, to be raised out of each right in said township, the four public rights excepted.

It seems by the Proprietors' Records, that prior to this meeting, they had discovered that the line of New Hampshire cut off the west corner of their township, containing 4147 acres of land, which was surrendered by Joseph Frye to the Government of Massachusetts Bay, and accepted by the "Great and General Court," June 25, 1772, in consideration of which, said Court granted him the same amount of land, being known as Fryeburg Addition.

On the 7th April, 1774, Fryeburg Addition was conveyed to the Proprietors, by Joseph Frye, and accepted by them.

1774, Sept. 20th. The Proprietors voted to relay all their first and second divisions, upland and intervale lots, and 10 acres meadow lots, so that each Proprietor should have 80 acres upland and 60 acres of intervale.

1785, April 11th. "Voted that the distinction between upland and intervale, shall be no longer kept up, except to complete the first and second divisions of intervale land to 60 acres, and the deficiency of meadow lots.

1787. At meeting on first Monday in December, voted that so much of said Proprietors' lands shall be laid out of upland or intervale, or both, as a third division, as shall make each original right (including the two divisions of upland run out)

equal to 180 acres of upland, and that the surplusage of the first and second divisions is to be considered as part of said third division.

1794, Sept. 15. Voted to lay out a fourth division of Proprietors' lands, and that 100 acres be the mean quantity and that the committee lay, more or less, to *qualify* equal to the mean lot to each right.

Thus it seems, at this time, each Proprietor was in possession of 280 acres of land, mostly upland, 60 acres of intervale, and 10 acres of meadow; these lands or lots of land, were not, by any means, of equal area, for where a lot of land was not equal in quality to the standard, it was made up in quantity, and this was what they called qualifications; for instance, third divisions, as has been already stated, were intended to be 100 acres, of a particular quality of land, the best remaining after laying out the previous divisions. Samuel Osgood's third division is recorded as follows:—

	Acres.	R.	P.
Contents,	217	1	12
Qualification,	117	1	12
Qualified Land,	100	0	00

1797, April 21. At a Proprietors' meeting holden this day, a vote was passed to lay out a fifth division of lands among said Proprietors, and the committee made their return of the same on the 31st day of May next ensuing. It was evidently the belief of the committee that they had then divided all the lands of the Proprietary. This division was more unequal in quantity than any previous divisions, and considered of little value, for it was mostly divided without any survey, by merely assigning on the plan of the township to each Proprietor his share of said lands.

Some of these fifth divisions were very small, being only thirty to forty acres in area, while others contain hundreds, *and one*, nearly one thousand acres.

The Proprietors of most of these fifth divisions, considered them of so little value, that they conveyed them to two or three of their number, and sent them to Boston, to exchange them for old and shop-worn, but serviceable goods.

1821, Sept. 21. The Proprietors met and decided to lay out a sixth division, out of such scraps of land as might still be owned by them in common and undivided.

B

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

In the Year of our Lord, 1776.

AN ACT for erecting a tract of land called Fryeburg, two thousand one hundred and seventy-two rods square, lying in the County of York, which was granted as a Township, to Joseph Frye, Esq., Anno Domini, seventeen hundred and sixty-two, and confirmed Anno Domini, seventeen hundred and sixty three, into a Town by the name of Fryeburg.

Whereas, the inhabitants of that tract of land, consisting of Proprietors and Non-Proprietors, promiscuously settled thereon, having lately been united in ordaining a minister of the gospel among them, are desirous of uniting in the expense of his support, of building a meeting-house and other public charges of the place, but cannot lay a tax upon themselves for those purposes, till said tract of land is incorporated into a town. Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the aforesaid tract of land, originally bounded as followeth, viz: At the south corner to a spruce tree marked; thence north forty-five degrees west (by the needle) two thousand one hundred and seventy-two rods to a beech tree marked; thence north forty-five degrees east two thousand one hundred and seventy-two rods to a maple tree marked; thence south forty-five degrees east two thousand one hundred and seventy-two rods to a pine tree marked; thence south forty-five degrees west to the first bounds—be and hereby is erected into a Town by the name of Fryeburg, excepting and reserving thereout four thousand one hundred and forty-seven acres of land lying in the west corner thereof, which the Great and General Court, in compliance with a petition of the above-named Joseph Frye, resolved to receive back, and in lieu thereof, granted him the same quantity of government's land with liberty to lay it out adjoining to the northward or northeastwardly part of his Township, as by said resolve, dated June the twenty-fifth, seventeen hundred and seventy-two, will appear; and the inhabitants of said tract of land, (except as is above excepted,) be and hereby are invested with all powers, privileges and immunities, which other towns in this colony do enjoy.

And be it further enacted, That Tristram Jordan, Esq., be and hereby is empowered to issue his warrant, directed to some principal inhabitant of said town, requesting him to

warn the inhabitants thereof, who have a free hold according to charter, to meet at such time and place as shall be therein set forth, to choose all such officers as are or shall be required by law to manage the affairs of said town.

In the House of Representatives, January 10th, 1777. This bill having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

SAMUEL FREEMAN, Speaker, P. T.

In Council, January 11th, 1777. This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted.

JOHN AVERY, Deputy Secretary.

Consented to by the major part of the Council.

A true copy,

Attest:

JOHN AVERY, Deputy Secretary.

C

In the archives of Massachusetts, at the State House, Boston, may be found the several pay rolls of the companies or detachments who served on the Androscoggin. That of Lieut. Farrington and his twenty-two men, is in the hand writing of 'Squire Ames, signed by himself, Richard Kimball and Samuel Walker, Selectmen of Fryeburg.

It was my purpose to give a fac simile of the Roll which is a model for exactness and economy, the whole amount which the Expedition drew from the Treasury being but £21, 6s, 4d. The names of the men, which deserve to be kept in lasting remembrance, are as follows:—Stephen Farrington, Capt., Isaac Walker, Lieut., John Walker, John Farrington Abraham Bradley, Peter Astine, Abner Charles, Samuel Charles, Nathaniel Walker, James Parker, Benjamin Wiley, Jesse Walker, Joseph Knight, Jonathan Hutchins, Jun., Barnes Hazeltine, Isaac Abbott, Jr., John Gordon, John Smith Sanborn, John Stephens, Jr., Joseph Greeley Swan, Oliver Barron, Hugh Gordon, Simeon Abbott. They marched the 4th of August, and returned the 8th, leaving Jonathan Hutchings, Jr., John Gordon, and John Stephens, Jr., as a guard.

On the 12th a second detachment of twenty-four men from Fryeburg, with six from Bridgton, marched "to guard the frontiers on Androscoggin river," led by Nathaniel Hutchings, John Evans being second. Still a third company, with John Evans in command, took their post on the Andro-

scoggin Sept. 16th, and kept guard till the winter snows laid to rest all fears of invasion. These three several bodies of troops were composed largely of the same men, with some interchange to accommodate the farming operations of the fall. The total expense is £262, 7s, 1d.

A fourth Pay Roll is headed as follows:—"A Pay Roll for a company of men commanded by Lieut. Stephen Farrington raised in the County of York and Cumberland, for the defence thereof, agreeably to Resolve of the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, July 5, 1782, who took their station at a New Township, called Sudbury-Canada."

This more formidable expedition kept the borders in quiet until winter, and was undoubtedly the last effort in New England to repel Indian invasion.

D

The part Fryeburg has borne in the present struggle for the life of our country, is shown by the following honorable record. It was hoped to give some sketch of those who have so nobly fallen, but the material has not been furnished.

Reg't.	
13th,	Charles Andrews, (died.)
12th,	George Austin, "
12th,	John P. Barker,
17th,	Webster Barker, "
12th,	Willard Barker,
12th,	Charles H. Bragdon,
23d,	Richard Bradley,
16th,	Levi Butters,
23d,	Humphrey A. Chadbourne,
23d,	Stephen Chandler,
17th,	Frank C. Charles,
17th,	Moses L. Charles,
12th,	Sewall C. Charles,
12th,	Stephen Charles,
23d,	Walter Charles,
17th,	Enoch S. Chase,
13th,	Abner A. Cole,
12th,	Thomas D. Cook,
12th,	William W. Divine, (died.)
23d,	Andrew J. Eastman,
23d,	James Eaton,
12th,	Seymour A. Farrington,
12th.	Seth Farrington, (Capt.)
9th,	John C. Fellows, (died.)
23d,	Jos. Frye, jr.,
11th,	William H. Frye,
11th,	Anjavine Gray,
5th,	Mellville Gray,
9th,	Richard R. Greenland,

Reg't.	
23d,	James M. How. (Lieut.)
17th,	Simeon C. How,
12th,	Samuel Ilsley, (died.)
12th,	James T. Jenner,
12th,	Andrew Kenison, jr.,
17th,	Patrick Lawless,
23d,	Harris A. P. Lewis,
17th,	Francis A. Long,
23d,	Chas. H. Lovis,
23d,	Joshua McIntire,
23d,	Oliver G. W. McIntire,
9th,	Samuel F. McIntire,
7th,	Joseph L. Mitchell,
17th,	Sidney A. Morton,
17th,	Wm. B. Morton,
11th,	Lozien Poor,
17th,	Albion Richardson,
23d,	Benj. C. Seavey,
12th,	Marcus M. Smart,
23d,	William T. Smart,
23d,	Abiel F. Smith,
17th,	Daniel Smith, jr.,
9th,	James Smith,
17th,	Ivory Snow,
17th,	Samuel C. Stanley,
23d,	John P. Stevens,
23d,	John W. Tebbetts,
17th,	Alfred E. Thomas,
9th,	Benj. Thompson,

23d, Gilson A. Hall,
9th, Samuel H. Harnden,
23d, Enoch W. B. Hobbs, accidentally killed.
17th, Samuel E. Holden,
17th, James G. Holt,
9th, Thos. K. Holt,
17th, Alden B. Walker,
17th, Joseph C. Walker,
23d, Wiley Walker,
23d, James E. Webster,
17th, Joseph Wiley,
23d, Stephen J. Wiley,
12th, Sullivan J. Willey.

DRAFTED MEN.

Henry Andrews,
Ira Berry,
John Bullard,
Albion P. Cobb, (died.)
George Lord.

UNDER THE CALL OF OCT. 17, 1863.

Webster Ela,
Samuel Frye,
Samuel F. Frye,
William S. Heald,
Lewis C. Hobbs,
Jos. H. Johnson,
Asa S. McIntire,
Harrison G. Morton,
G. H. Richardson,
Reuben H. Small,
John P. Stevens,
Geo. W. Thompson,
Dexter Walker,
Stephen J. Wiley.

The following citizens of Fryeburg have enlisted in regiments out of the State, or have been in the regular service of the army or navy.

John Andrews, (died.)
George W. Cook,
Orland Day,
John L. Eastman,
Seth W. Eastman,
Daniel B. Gray,
John C. Gray,
Augustus Lord,
Charles Lord,
Enoch Lord,
Charles Mansfield,
Charles Osgood,
Charles H. Powers, (Lieut.) Fell at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
Ebenezer Pickering,
George Richardson,
Reuben W. Shirley,
John W. Towle. Lost part of his hand at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62.
Isaac Walker,
Jonathan Webster,
John Webster. Fell on board Gunboat while forcing the passage of the Mississippi below New Orleans.
John H. Wiley,
William Wiley.

An obituary notice of Lieut. Powers in the Oxford Democrat of July 24, 1863, gives the chief incidents in his life as follows:—"Born in Bridgton, March '37. In '52 removed to Fryeburg—left us in '56 for Western Pennsylvania—where he had just been admitted to the practice of law, when in Aug. '61, he enlisted in the 105th Penn. Regiment. He was promoted to be 1st Lieut. Feb. '62—'participated in the battles of Malvern Hill, Bristoe's Station, Bull Run (2d,) Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he so nobly offered his life a sacrifice upon the altar of his country.' The highest testimonials to his character and conduct are given by his brother officers."

Had friends furnished the material it would have been pleasant to give some brief sketches of the brothers, Andrews, both of whom though not falling in the battle field, gave up their lives for principles of liberty which they had early learned from a father's precept and example ;—of Joseph Colby Walker—the sturdy son of a worthy sire—and who in person and character brought back to us many of the choicest traits of the grand-father, whose name he bore ;—of Barker and Webster, Fellows, Cobb and Divine, whose common sacrifices show that we are but one people, though our blood may be from different sources—and that through this crucible of common sufferings we are being fused into one nationality —all antipathies of race blotted out—and all traces of clanship forgotten—the great principles of human equality and man's common brotherhood, forever established. Such a result will be worth all the sacrifice and suffering through which it is attained.

The following letter from Daniel Webster, while at Fryeburg, will show some of the characteristics of the place as he saw it. It corresponds exactly with the account which his fellow lodger, Mr. McGaw, gives of the business and social life in Fryeburg, sixty years ago. One thing is worthy of notice, Mr. Webster found at Fryeburg a volume, which could not be obtained in the Libraries of Dartmouth. The letter is the more willingly inserted, as the parts referring especially to Fryeburg, are omitted in the published letters of Mr. Webster.

Mr. Webster to Mr. Merrill, Hanover, N. H.

Fryeburg, June 7, 1802.

My Dear Friend. I have frequently taken my pen to write to you since I have arrived here, and have as often laid it down again without executing my purpose. The truth is, I was willing to write you something a little better than my correspondents generally have the fortune to receive.

But after all I am commencing in my old way, resolved not to delay till chance might inspire me with an idea worth your reading, lest you should suppose me backward in entering

into a correspondence which I contemplate with pleasure. You must therefore console yourself by reflecting that correspondence is a kind of commerce where the greatest gain per cent. uniformly attaches to the greatest capital; and that there is as much to be learned in writing a good letter as in reading one. Besides, you will remember that I am in *Pigwacket*, a most savage name, and you will, therefore, suppose a most savage country. Whenever, therefore, I am dull and blundering, you must not charge the fault upon me, but upon *Pigwacket*. Thus I shall shift much responsibility from my own shoulders.

I will, if you please, devote this to giving you some little account of my situation, business, amusements, and so forth, and beg of you a description of yours. Whatever relates to my school you can guess in the general, and particulars cannot be interesting. This village is new but growing, already much crowded with Merchants, Doctors, and Lawyers. There are here a good number of men of information and conversible manners, whom I visit without ceremony and chat with as I should with you and Bingham. Among them are Mr. Dana, whom you know, and Mr. McGaw, who boards and lodges with me. Fame has told me, (though she is said to be a notorious liar,) that you are a finished gallant; it will be natural, therefore, for you to inquire about the number and beauty of the misses. You know that new towns have usually more males than females, and old commercial towns the reverse. In Salem and Newburyport, I am told, the majority of females is immense. When I resided at Exeter, I thought petticoats would overrun the nation. In Fryeburg, I hope our sex will continue the mastery, though the female squadron is by no means contemptible. I have seen nearly thirty white muslins trail across a ball room on an evening. In point of beauty I do not feel competent to decide. I cannot calculate the precise value of a *dimple*, nor estimate the charms of an *eyebrow*, yet I see nothing repulsive in the appearance of Maine misses. When Mr. McGaw told me he would introduce me to the *Pigwacket Constellation*, it sounded so oddly that I could not tell whether he was going to show me *Virgo* or *Ursa Major*, yet I had charity to put it down for the former, and have found no reason to alter my decision. Being a pedagogue and having many of the ladies in school, I cannot set out in a bold progress of gallantry, though I now and then make one of them my best bow and say a few things, *piano*, as the musicians have it.

When I go into the study of a friend, I look about and enquire for the books he is reading. To save you that trouble I will tell you my reading at present. I think it may be advantageous to communicate mutually an account of our studies, and reciprocate any new ideas that are worth it. Am now upon Williams' Vermont, which I never read before. It is my object to investigate some facts relating to the political history of the United States. I have been perusing, as an amusement, the "Pursuits of Literature," the book which has excited so much curiosity among the learned, and called down so much condemnation from the democracy. I am not certain you can read it, because I do not recollect having seen it at Hanover. I think it is well worth a reading. The sentiments of the Poem, itself, and the abundance of Notes, bring to my memory Sheridan's elegant metaphor of "a neat rivulet of type murmuring through a meadow of margin."

Report has just reached me that the Marshal of New Hampshire, is removed. I confess I did not much expect it, but these are Jefferson's doings, and *they are marvellous in our eyes.*

Adieu, my good friend,

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I congratulate the people of Hanover on the election of their Anniversary Orator, and wish him better success than some of his predecessors.

Wednesday morning, June 9th. Since I wrote the within, which I had intended for the mail, Messrs Hall and Whitman have called on me. I am quite sure you did not know of the opportunity of sending me by them. They tell me that politics stand one hundred and twenty to fourteen,—good,—good,—the sun is everywhere rising,—the waning orb of democracy must soon be eclipsed,—the *Penumbra* begins to come on already. Pray put a line in next mail for one who is much your friend. D. W.

THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

FRYEBURG, ME.,

WITH THE

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

By REV. SAMUEL SOUTHER,

OF WORCESTER, MASS.

WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY TYLER & SEAGRAVE,
Spy Job Office, 212 Main Street.

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